JOHN BULL, AUGUST 26, 1933

TWOPENCE
Vol. LIV.
1419.

SLAVES OF MAMMON (SEE PAGE 7)

# JOHN BULL

You get the best
*whiteness*
I've ever seen!

*What is your secret?*

*A.* Why it's simply extra cleanness. Persil does far more than other soaps can, you know,

*Q.* Does it? But how?

*A.* It's because it's good, mild soap made *active* by oxygen. You don't need anything else; the active oxygen takes the soap suds right through the fabric, working out the ingrained dirt that ordinary soaps and powders leave untouched. And it's just the same with colours—I use Persil for everything!

Persil

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD. WARRINGTON

*Are you using the Free Persil Service?*
The Persil Washing Service offers complete washing advice free. Call at your local Persil Institute, or cut out this paragraph and send it with your name and address to Dept. D.99, Crosfield's, Warrington, for the free Persil Washing Handbook.

PER 438-348

## FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY. COCHRANE & Sons help you to make money. Turkish Towels, 3/11 doz. Ladies' Art Silk Hose, 8/11 doz. Ladies' Apron Overalls, 4/11 doz Gent's Wool Socks, 4/6 doz. Boys' Sports Hose 4's to 8's, 4/9 doz. Quarter dozens supplied. Good profits can be made Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Who'esale Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time, every kind; good profits; 176-page Catalogue free. MAY (153), George St., Birmingham.

FREE PRICE LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

TRADERS. Marketmen, Beginners, Drapery Remnants yield good profit and draw trade. Catalogue free. Wholesale only. Traders must send trade card. Beginners, state business.—R. Lonsdale & Son, Ltd., Dept. J.B., 59, Whitworth Street, Manchester, 1.

HOSIERY, Underwear, Drapery, Frocks, etc. Factory prices, 50% profit. No risk. Any quantity. Catal. and parties. free.—London Textiles, Ltd., Broadway Chambers, Hammersmith, W.6.

## AGENCIES, CLUBS.

WANTED BY JOHN NOBLE, LTD., Organisers of Weekly Clubs. The Ideal Club Leads for Value! Big Commission; little trouble; no expense. Super Bargains in Fashions, Footwear, Furniture, Bedding, Outfitting, etc. Over 60 years' reputation for value and service. Thousands of enthusiastic organisers! Send p.c. now for 384-page wonder catalogue and particulars.—JOHN NOBLE, LTD. (Dept. A7), Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED (either sex) to sell Private Christmas Cards. No outlay. Magnificent New Designs. Sample Book Free. A real, live, money-making book, miles ahead of all competitors, filled from cover to cover with cards to suit all tastes. Maximum Commission. Valuable prizes.—Apply, Denton Ltd., Dept. D.15, Accrington.

50/- BONUS and Commission paid on 20 weeks club. You can earn bigger money by becoming a "Britannic" Agent for 1/- weekly clubs. Commission paid weekly. Send p.c. for Catls., 208 pages, Bedding, Furniture, Footwear, Drapery, etc.—Britannic Household Supply Co., Ltd. (Dept. 90), Cheetwood Rd., Manchester, 8.

AGENTS Wanted.—Eaton an Xmas Club 200-page Art. Cat. Huge select.; fancy goods, chocs., cigs., toys, etc. Free gifts every agent. Highest commission. Big Cash Prizes.—Eaton and Co. (Dept. A.), Lower Wortley, Leeds.

FREE GIFTS for Christmas Club Agents. Big commission. Splendid prizes. Catalogue free. F. J. TATE, Neville Street, LEEDS.

XMAS CLUBS.—Agents wanted. Cadbury's, Rowntree's, Fancies, etc. Good terms cash comm.—Write for Beautiful art Cat. to Mather's (Dept. 15), 192, Chorley Old Road, BOLTON.

HIGHEST COMM.—Xmas Agents. Catalogue, gifts, prizes, Chocs., Cigs., Fancy Goods.—Original Tate's, Dept. A.A., Foundry Street, Leeds.

XMAS CLUBS — GREATLY INCREASED COMMISSIONS. Entire satisfaction guaranteed. Highest Commission all standard lines Chocolates, Cigarettes, Fancy and Household Goods, Toys, Personal Wear.—HANDSOME GIFT every Agent and special CASH BONUS.—MIDLAND CONFECTIONERY (Dept. 43), SHIPLEY.

CLUB AGENTS who earn big money run WATSON'S CHRISTMAS and 1/- BARGAIN CLUBS with the great reputation. Magnificent range, highest cash comm. Quality and Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for superb Catalogues.—G. A. WATSON, 137, ALBION ST., LEEDS.

ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION assured to ALL British Guarantee Supply Co.'s XMAS CLUB AGENTS. Highest CASH commission. Catalogue of 900 lines free.—Manor Row Bradford.

XMAS CLUBS.—Spare-time Agents wanted for Oldest, Largest and Best Club Write for Giant Art Catalogue and full particulars. No outlay. Excellent commission. Free Gift to all applicants. —Samuel Driver, Ltd. Burton Road Leeds.

AGENTS Wanted — Christmas Cards.—The SNOWBALL book always offers something others haven't got. Finest biggest and cheapest collection free.—Minster Fine Art Assn., Preston.

1,000 AGENTS Wanted (either sex) to sell the Famous CASTLE SERIES Christmas Cards. BIG PROFITS ASSURED. Sample Book FREE. Best commissions and prizes.—Castle Publishing Co., 50, Anchor Court, Preston.

BEAT THE REST WITH A CITY BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. EXCEPTIONAL COMM. AND STRIKING SAMPLE BOOK SUPPLIED FREE.—WRITE TO DEPT. 5, PRIVATE XMAS CARD MFG. CO., NEW CITY WORKS, 57, ST. SIMON ST., MANCHESTER.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS

invited to write for Rawling's 256-page fine art catalogue. Quality Goods only—largest Selection in the Trade—Highest Commission terms, gift, bonus, etc. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Last year, every order fully delivered a week before Xmas, and every Agent satisfied.

RAWLING,

646, Hessle Road, Hull.

"The firm that never lets you down."

ONE HUNDRED PERSONS (either sex) required for live, money-making occupation requiring no outlay. See advt. in centre of page facing.

# SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

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**Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.**
*Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

BIG CASH FOR YOU!
Experience unnecessary, no outlay—no risk.
Run a first-class XMAS CLUB among your friends.
Free gifts to all agents and Big Money Competitions. Send P.C. NOW for Complete Outfit and start earning right away.—Westminster National Supplies, Ltd., 48, Old Swan Lane, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.4.

## EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS — COMMERCIAL AND PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening Free Employment Dept. Call (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 8, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House).

IMMEDIATE EMPLOYMENT offered in the Army to men between 18 and 25. Good pay. Free food, clothing, housing. Plenty of sport. Holidays on full pay.—Apply any Recruiting Office or Drill Hall.

YOUR CHILD'S CAREER is in your hands. This announcement is made by Clark's College, Ltd., on page 31. It is well worth reading.

## BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. — Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10, Welsh, 2/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph and Dickson, 223, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 6113.)

PRINTING (every description). 10,000 Handbills 3/6 1,000, Memos, Catal. Price Lists, Dupli. Bill Books, etc. Samps. 2d.—Meads, Ryde, Sandy.

# TAKE THIS HERB FOR YOUR CATARRH

## I HAVE DISCOVERED A SIMPLE BUT WONDERFUL HERB WHICH FORMS PART OF MY PROVEN BALANCED TREATMENT FOR ALL FORMS OF DANGEROUS CATARRH.

Thousands are walking about with deadly catarrh and don't know it. Thousands are treating one "symptom" and imagine they are treating the "complaint." I will tell you where they are wrong with my new sample test. You can wash your nose with the best douche that was ever made—you can use worthless inhalants and medicaments and still be miles from treating the source of this dangerous disease.

Run through these symptoms—but don't fall into the error that any one of these is the complaint—they are only symptoms which manifest the urgent need of striking at this foul complaint directly, at its source to clear it from the system.

Don't be under any illusion. Catarrh, with the complications that follow, is a very serious trouble. It is so tenacious that every day you leave it, it puts a stronger grip on your system that is more difficult to break.

Don't delay another minute, fill in coupon below and I will show you a simple and rational method of tackling this great problem once and for all. Never mind what you have tried or your previous disappointments, my plan is based on a "no-relief no pay"-principle, so that you have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

**READ THESE TRIBUTES:—**

*"I am writing this letter to let you know that I am now completely cured of catarrh, and I am now in the very best of health, for which I thank you. The discharges have stopped, the tongue is clean, indigestion, constipation and sluggish liver a thing of the past, and I am now full of pep and energy. Your treatment is simply marvellous, and I cannot thank you enough for the great benefit I have received."*
*E. NIXON, 4, Offerton Street, St. Marks, Sunderland.*

*"I am certain your Treatment has cured my Catarrh and Deafness, also the terrible head noises I suffered with for years.*
*"Thank you for your attention."*
*(MR.) C. FLETCHER, 6, Stevens Road, Becontree, Essex.*

*"I am glad to say your Treatment has made me a different man to what I was. My hearing has come back completely too, it was a lucky day for me when I saw your advertisement."*
*BERT HUDSON, 16, Townsend Street, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.17.*

First get my free sample test and free treatise which will outline my plan and show that my simple, logical and inexpensive home treatment attacks Catarrh where it starts and breeds. Give this dread disease marching orders, clear it right out of the system. Post coupon right away.

**FREE SAMPLE TEST COUPON**

To ANGUS SINCLAIR, J.B. 26/8/33
81F, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

Please send me free sample test with full directions and Treatise Booklet. I enclose 1½d. stamp to cover postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

**YOU *HAVE* CATARRH *IF*——**

YOU HAVE HEAD NOISES.
YOUR HEARING IS FAILING.
Mucus drops in your throat.
Nose is stuffed up.
You catch cold easily.
Your breath is foul.
Your throat is sore.
You are subject to Hay Fever.
Your memory is failing.
You tire quickly.
Your tongue is coated.
You have pains after eating.
You are constipated.
You Mouth-breathe.

**—*BEWARE!***

A PAYING Profession. Become a certificated Chiropodist. Write parties. Home Study Course. 2, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

CIVIL SERVICE.—For details of openings, age limits, salaries, entrance exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upwards), write for free Handbook to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 29, Oxford Street W.1.

AMBITIOUS ENGINEERS WANTED to apply for our free 250-page Handbook. Gives details of A.M.I.Mech.E., I.E.E., A.M.I.A.E., G.P.O., etc., Exams., outlines latest Courses in Mech., Elec., Motor, Radio and Aero Engineering, and shows clearly where first-class vacancies occur each year. Send p.c. for FREE Handbook immediately to BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY, 429, Shakespeare House, 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

POLICE.—For details of openings, pay and promotion in all Town and Country Forces (ages 18-27; height over 5' 9") write for Free Police Handbook B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 29, Oxford St., W.1.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (No experience required.) Commencing over £4 per week. Ages 17-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of entrance Exam., B.I.E.T. (Dept. 537), 31, Oxford St., W.1.

CUSTOMS & EXCISE OFFICERS. Ages 19-21. Commencing pay £3 6s., rising to £5 15s. per week. No experience required. Details of entrance Exam. from B.T.I. (Dept. 601), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

CHEAP Printing.—1,000 Billheads, 2/6. 1,000 Handbills, 7/6. Cards, Memos, etc. Samples free.—CRETEWAY PRESS, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads from 2/6. Handbills, Cards, Posters Equally as Cheap. Samps free.—Pearson's, Church Rd., Portsmouth.

## BARGAIN SALES.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 4/6, for Socks, etc. Steel Grey, 2/4. Colours from 2/11 lb., post free. Patts., Wools, Serges, Tweeds.—Egerton Burnetts W.B. W'house, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPER CREDIT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — West Riding WALLPAPER CO., 82, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WOOL SALE.—Sports 1d. oz. Fine, 1½d. Tweed Mats 1½d. Crochet 2½d. Silky 2½d. Rug Wool 3d., 1½d., 1/3, 1/6½ lb. Samples free.—Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 71), Newcastle-on-Tyne.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 20/-. 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barrel, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on approval. (Bal. cash or terms.)—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

WOOLS 1d. oz. Rug Wool 3½d. Thrums, 6½d. lb. Cable, 1s. 4½d. lb. Shetland Wools, Guide Free.—Scotia Wools, 196, New Bridge St., Newcastle/Tyne.

READERS interested in watches, jewellery, etc., should turn to the advertisement of H. Samuel, Ltd., on page 20.

## MARKETING BY POST.

TEA! TEA!! TEA!!! Cheapest House for Guaranteed Empire Blends. Packed in ½-lbs. from 1/- lb. Write for Price Lists and Samples.—FORTWAY TEA CO., 12, Fortway, London, E.15.

## MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Aztec Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent cure. They cure most virulent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co. 94-96, Codnor, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads; no straps; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Costs more. Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (4290), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

FOR the tea-active Iris'n Allenburys Diet is the best night-cap. Send 2d. stamps for 1-lb. trial sample.—Allen and Hanburys, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 37, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

BAD LEGS (VARICOSE ULCERS, etc.).—For a certain cure, write, giving full description of case, when a Free Trial Treatment and Illustrated Booklet of Testimonials will be sent to any address.—Dept. 32, TOM WARD, LTD., Medical Skin Specialists, BRADFORD, YORKS; also 372, Chester Road, MANCHESTER.

WEAK NERVES.—If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Worry, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, Shyness, etc., send for my free book.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.1), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., WC1.

HAVE you read the announcement in the centre of this page?

A FREE SAMPLE of "Foam-a-Mint," which banishes constipation, is offered on page 26. Simply chewed, it is pleasant to take, natural in action and not habit-forming. Send for sample to-day.

TO Catarrh Sufferers. A remarkable offer appears on page 28. Fill in the coupon and post now. It costs you nothing.

SLIM THE HEALTHY WAY by wearing the Bender Reducing Belt Supporter. For men and women. See Descriptive advt. in "Shop Window," page 3.

NAIL-BITING CURED. — Free Booklet sent privately for 1½d. stamp, explains how you can easily and simply cure yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Write, Filter Treatment (Dept. J.B.12), 186, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

## WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1

## MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, etc. BOUGHT. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10s. or £1 per month. Open a Credit Account with SMARTWEAR. No references required. Call or write for Advanced Autumn Leaflet, also Gentlemen's Catalogue, to Dept. W.J.B.6, SMARTWEAR, Ltd., 265-271, Regent Street, London, W.1.

FOR twopence a day you can obtain an Encyclopaedia of Health. Full particulars of this offer can be obtained by filling in the coupon in the British Books advertisement on page 14.

ARE you a dog lover? A free illustrated hundred-page book is offered to readers of *John Bull* in the Spratt's advertisement on page 14.

PRESERVE YOUR HEALTH AND FITNESS by wearing a "Spencer" Supporting Corset.—Write, Spencer Corsets, Ltd., Banbury, Oxon., for further particulars. See advt. on page 22.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the Nestlé's Chocolate advt. on page 22 for a copy of the New Prize Gift and remember 10s. Five free coupons.

STOP brushing teeth by old methods. Write to the Pepsodent Co. (Dept. 397), Park Royal Rd., London, N.W.10, for a free 10-day tube of "PEPSODENT" TOOTH PASTE. Enclose 1½d. stamp to cover postage.—Full particulars on page 28.

FOR Your Camera—Free! Send the coupon at top of page 3 and get a free film.

BUILD A BUSINESS BY MAIL by displaying your goods in John Bull's "Shop Window." Experience unnecessary. Advice and help gladly given on every phase of postal trading. Write for Business Interbrand to The Manager, Shop and Sales Department, John Bull, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

## STUPENDOUS SUMMER RADIO OFFER

All Ready to Switch on.

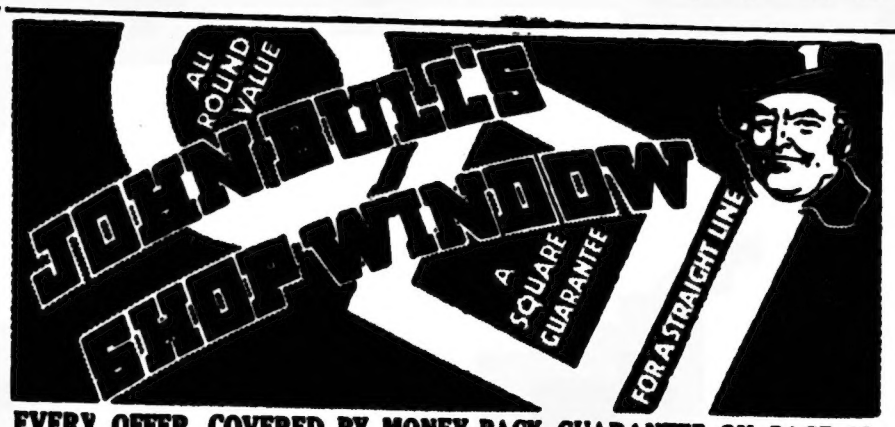
POWERFUL 3-VALVE RADIO

NO DEPOSIT SEND ONLY 2/- Balance 2/- Weekly, as 1st Week's Instalment.

Complete with Loud Speaker, British Valves, Accumulator and Batteries, in fine Walnut Cabinet. Reduced Price for Cash with Order 75/-. Other Superb Models—S.G., Battery and All-Electric from 2/- weekly.

*SEND P.C. for BIG FREE BOOK*

ECLIPSE RADIOPHONES (Dept. 3AB.), 97, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1.




EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 29.

## FREE FILM COUPON

To The GRATISPOOL CO. (Dept. J.B.1), 37, Isles Lane, LEEDS

Send me camera film (size 120:—3¼in. x 2¼in.) FREE OF CHARGE for which I enclose stamps value 3d. to cover postage, packing, etc. A thoroughly tested, rapid BRITISH Film.

Name _____ (Write in Block Letters)

Address _____

*Cut this out!*

Note:—No "Catch"—no obligation, but we look for Your D. & P. order. POST-CARD PRINTS 2d. each.

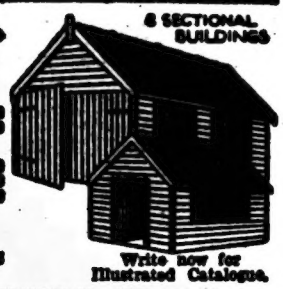
## SOUTH WESTERN HUTS & GARAGES

UNEQUALLED SERVICE AND A SQUARE POLICY.

GARAGES.
10' x 7' ... £3 6 0
14' x 8' ... £7 18 0

HUTS.
6' x 4' ... £2 1 0
8' x 5' ... £2 18 0
10' x 7' ... £4 4 0

Planed, Rebated Weatherboard.



6 SECTIONAL BUILDINGS

DEFERRED TERMS ARRANGED.

Write now for Illustrated Catalogue.

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. (1929), Ltd., Dept. J, High Street, Fulham, S.W.6. Putney 2771, 2811/2

## FREE WRITING SET

Including full-size Lever Self-filling Fountain Pen and Propelling Pencil with eraser and lead refills. To secure this magnificent gift send at once for a pair of our beautifully made shoes with hardwearing rubber soles and heels moulded to highly polished black uppers indistinguishable from good patent leather. Weather resisting and thoroughly damp-proof. The most comfortable shoe ever produced, fits like a glove without cramping.

PER PAIR 3/-

Post & Pkg. 9d. extra on 1 or 2 pairs, or C.O.D. if preferred

All sizes 11 to 8 and 4 to 11.

LIST FREE.

Also smart Fashion shoe with Cuban heel for women, per pair 3/8

J.B., CROYDON STORES, Duppas Hill Lane, Croydon

## WEAR this BELT and keep SLIM

AVOID doubtful medicines, pills, etc., for reducing weight. Wear the Beasley Reducing Belt-Supporter, and get slim quickly and safely. Slips over hips, instantly adjusting itself to your figure. No straps, lacing or fasteners. Excellent as a general purpose belt for

MEN OR WOMEN

this garment is made from strong woven Elastic webbing. Women's model has four suspenders.

9 ins. deep. 4/11 11 ins. deep. 5/11

Add 2/- for sizes 38 ins. to 44 ins. waist. Super Quality 8/11d. Fine Silk Elastic, 14 ins. deep, 13/11d. O.S. 3/- extra. Postage on all models 3d. extra.

*Belt exchanged or money refunded if not approved. Send P.O. to:—*

BEASLEY BELT Dept. 208A

26, CHARING CROSS RD., LONDON, W.C.2

*Write for free list of Belts for Men and Women. Surgical Belts supplied through Approved Societies.*

## AMAZING CYCLE OFFER

ONLY 1/6 A WEEK

3-speed Models & Racers 2/- Weekly.

This British Made Cycle, guaranteed for a lifetime, sent you Carriage Paid, complete Dunlop Tyres, Pump, Bell, Tools, etc. Heavily enamelled and plated. Lined two colours. Special Cash Price, 63/-. Post your order now to secure prompt delivery or

*SEND FOR FREE BOOK*

ECLIPSE Cycle Dept. 6A. 97, Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.1

## 1/6 Weekly

RIDE AS YOU PAY

Direct from ACTUAL MAKERS to YOU at a guaranteed saving of at least 20/-. Keep the dealers' profit yourself! 96 distinct models of Lightweights & Roadsters. All Carriage Paid. 7 days Free Trial.

BIG CATALOGUE FREE.

Tyres and Accessories at amazing "cut" prices. Cheapest in Britain.

DON'T DELAY—WRITE TO-DAY

CASH 5% Moorhouses 32 SO, PADIHAM, LANCS.

## BIG CASH FOR YOU!

EASY SPARE TIME JOB WITH GENEROUS COMMISSION & MONEY PRIZES

*Run a Xmas Club among your Friends*

NEVER before have you had such an opportunity of making big money for work which you will enjoy doing. Besides your cash earnings you will participate in two Great Money Prize Schemes, giving every Agent an equal chance. Why shouldn't **you** be one of the luck winners? Then, every Agent receives a handsome **FREE GIFT** according to the success of his Club.

**NOT ONE PENNY OF YOUR OWN MONEY** do you send or even risk. We do all the paying out from beginning to end. As soon as you become our Agent you are part of our vast organisation; we back you and equip you with all good quality club stationery and show you how to go about this money-making job. Even if you are inexperienced it doesn't matter. Everybody has to make a start. Just a little enthusiasm and belief in us and you'll quickly find the cash rolling in.

This year's club values are better than ever—prices are keener, and there is a larger selection of goods: Chocolates, Cigarettes, Fancy Goods, Toys, Drapery, Cutlery, etc. Remember we enlisted "**John Bull**" readers last year for our renowned Christmas Club, and hundreds have already enrolled again. We make no rash promises, sell no trash, and we deliver on time.

Now's the time to get going—don't put it off until to-morrow. Think! it costs you nothing, it commits you to nothing, and you can't fail to put big money in your pocket if you will just follow our advice. Everything's **FREE**, and we'll feel honoured with a postcard asking for details, when we will send you the beautifully art coloured catalogue and all necessary stationery. Write straightaway to—The Sales Manager,

THE WESTMINSTER NATIONAL SUPPLIES, LTD., 39, Old Swan Lane, Upper Thames Street, LONDON, E.C.4

NOW IS THE TIME TO START
A P.C. BRINGS COMPLETE OUTFIT FREE!

## 2 WEEKS ONLY!

2 White Woolly Blankets 90x70
2 Good Strong Sheets 90x70
2 White Pillow Slips 30x18
1 White Bolster Case 60x20
1 Art Printed Bedspread
2 Coloured Turkish Towels
1 Art. Silk Brocade and Corded Cushion Cover 22x22
2 Dainty Handkerchiefs
2 Chamois Polishers

CASH 20/- CASH or C.O.D. FREE.

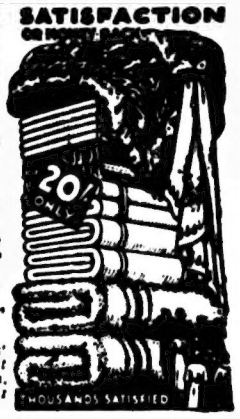
A LOVELY WASHED DOWN

QUILT FREE

also, if cash with order, Free Damask Table Cloth

PATON MILL Co., Dept. S.B., 72-76, Cannon Street, MANCHESTER, 4.

SATISFACTION



GREAT OFFER: *Ladies' Lightweight Mack, latest belted style, 36 in. to 48 in. length. Grey or Fawn 4/11 each. Carriage paid.*

THOUSANDS SATISFIED

## ELLIS'S GARDEN SHEDS

£2:15 Model "B" Carriage Paid.

"UNIVERSAL" SHED. — On strong framing, covered weatherboards. Roof of T. and G. matchboard and felt. Window to open. Door with lock and key. In sections for easy erection.

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|---|---|---|---|
| 6ft. x 4ft. | 6ft. x 4ft. | £2.15.0 | £2/15 down |
| 8ft. x 5ft. | 8ft. x 5ft. | £3.15.0 | £3/15 " |
| 10ft. x 7ft. | 10ft. x 7ft. | £5.5.0 | £5/5 " |

G. ELLIS & Co., Pope Wharf, Gainsborough Road, E.15.

## 5/- SEMI-OXFORD FLANNELS

19, 20, 21, 22, 23 & 24 bottoms.

Silver or Medium Grey.

Well cut from tested Flannel with P.T.U., belt loops, side straps, front cash pocket, side pockets and buttons inside. State width bottoms required.

Another amazing offer

BLUE MELTON BREECHERS with double seat, tape strengthened seams inside, lined legs and usual pockets. 6/9.

Also KHAKI CORD 5/- TWEED 6/-

BLUE MELTON TROUSERS. POLICE STYLE. Really marvellous value. Exceptionally strong, soft material, wear for years. All sizes 6/9.

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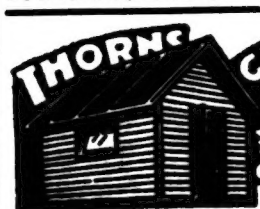

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| 28 ins. | — | 28" | 30" | 32" | 34" | 36" | 38" | 40" | 42" |
| 29 ins. | — | 28" | 30" | 32" | 34" | 36" | 38" | 40" | 42" |
| 30 ins. | — | — | 30" | 32" | 34" | 36" | 38" | 40" | 42" |
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# PERIL in the Bathing Pool

ONE of the best features of social life in the last year or two has been the bathing craze, which is now attracting hundreds of thousands of people to the inland swimming pools that have come into being all over the country.

This new form of recreation, which has brought the refreshing and invigorating delights of the open-air "dip" to the towns and countryside, began with the inauguration in Hyde Park of what became known as the Lansbury Lido—an innovation since imitated in countless places where there are no other facilities for bathing.

But, like a lot of good new things, these lidos of the riverside, the road-house and the country club have their dangers. Set amid lovely surroundings, they may look enticing enough on a hot day, but it is already evident that many of them are not, alas, what they look.

**They are not, for one important thing, under the strict supervision that is rigorously exercised over the big, properly constructed and well regulated municipal swimming pools. They are, in fact, under no official control whatever.**

That is painfully plain from a number of disquieting complaints and facts that have reached JOHN BULL.

We know, for instance, of a well-known chartered accountant who is now lying seriously ill in hospital as a direct result of using a road-house bathing pool.

*"The pool looks enticing enough on a hot day, but it isn't always all it looks"*

HE took the opportunity of escaping from the sweltering heat to a place where he could plunge into cool and inviting water. He succumbed to the blandishments of one of the many road-houses whose advertisements offer their patrons (at a price) "excellent bathing facilities in ideal surroundings"—and is now paying for his temerity.

And his is no isolated instance of the new menace that confronts the health of the very people to whom health and exercise, sun and water, mean so much.

At one pool in the Home Counties a local resident was so perturbed at the condition of the water that he called in a sanitary inspector.

The official analysed the water and expressed his opinion of its content in no uncertain terms. He told the complainant privately, however, that he was powerless to compel the owner to remedy the condition of the pool, "because it did not constitute a public nuisance."

A woman bather lost a slipper at a pool attached to an expensively furnished, high-priced road-house. She was told by two attendants that it could not be recovered until the pool was emptied the following week, because there were six inches of muck and refuse at the bottom.

In another case a gold bangle was lost. The only effect of diving operations was a disturbance of the filth at the bottom of the pool. The attendant informed the owner that the bath would not be emptied for another nine months.

**In yet another instance there was a serious outbreak of diseases of the nose and throat, and following complaints several local doctors took samples of the water from the pool in question. The results of their analyses staggered them. They found several species of dangerous microbes alive and virile.**

A SIMILAR outbreak occurred at a boys' school in Sussex. Some twenty-five of the sixty boys were continually in hospital with throat trouble and high temperatures. Doctors and analysts found the cause in the bathing pool.

There has also come to our notice a case of a serious skin disease, directly attributable to bathing in a semi-private pool. The germs to be found in stagnant or dirty water usually attack the tenderest spots, the ears, nose and throat. The eyes are also affected, not dangerously perhaps, but uncomfortably, even in the best regulated swimming pools, because the purifying agency in use to-day is almost invariably some form of chlorine, which reddens and stings the eyes, although it is used in an extremely weak solution. It is a pity that science cannot find a more pleasant method than chlorination.

Since these road-house pools are built on private property, no right of inspection is vested in any local authority. There is no compulsion on the owners to cleanse the pools, or even to renew the water at stated intervals.

The properly equipped pool has its own "scum-trough" filtering apparatus, disinfecting agency, and possibly also refrigerating plant, so that the water is thoroughly cleansed and disinfected. Then it is aerated, by passing over waterfalls, or through fountains, before it re-enters the pool. Of such, no complaints can be made.

But a complete plant of this nature is costly, and many road-house proprietors evidently consider it unnecessary to spend money on apparatus which is *not visible*. They either have their baths built without it entirely, or provide clarifying agencies which are totally inadequate.

It is proved beyond doubt that the results of this disregard of the laws of hygiene are beginning to show themselves. The risks are grave already; they are negligible, however, in comparison with what may be expected if the present rate of increase in the number of these pools is maintained — unless a rigorous supervision is enforced, such as is practised by responsible municipal bodies.

THIS is, without question, what should be done in the case of every swimming pool in the country for which the public pay for admission.

Bathing is a joy and a relaxation which should be made available for as many people as possible; and, apart from any other consideration, there is a great deal of money to be made by the people who are enterprising enough to build pools to satisfy this great public need.

This year alone scores of swimming pools have been constructed for road-houses and country clubs, while even a larger number are now under actual construction, or in contemplation.

**We say that it is scandalous that the public should be lured to possible infection and disease simply through lack of official control. In the interests of public health this control must be forthcoming before the menace reaches uncontrollable proportions.**

In the meantime, bathers, beware! Satisfy yourselves that the pool you patronise is adequately provided with filtering and disinfecting devices—or take your patronage elsewhere.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

# The Sheppey Horror Must Never Happen Again

## Moral Murder on the Roads

## A Disgrace to Parenthood

WE shared the horror and regret of the whole public at the machine-gun tragedy in the Isle of Sheppey. But we were not surprised. We knew some such tragedy was bound to happen sooner or later.

Indeed, only a fortnight ago we denounced the War Office for allowing residents in the Orford district of Warrington to have their lives imperilled by an incessant rain of bullets from an Army rifle range, and treating with scorn their very reasonable protests.

### Danger as usual

Now comes the terrible Sheppey fatality, and even that doesn't seem to have disturbed the serenity of the mandarins of Whitehall, for on the following day target practice was being carried out as usual at the spot where the accident occurred.

The inquest jury said a line of buoys should mark the danger zone. It is amazing that such advice should have to be given.

It is still more amazing that a popular holiday centre should ever have been chosen as a training ground for budding machine-gunners.

### Civilians don't matter

But the bigwigs are suspicious of common-sense, heedless of the safety of ordinary citizens

Spotting the finest sand-dunes in the country, between Skegness and Mablethorpe—the paradise of Midlands children and convalescent kiddies in particular—the R.A.F. have taken that over for bombing practice.

Then there is the R.A.F. camp at Sutton Bridge, near Wisbech. Residents of the town are awakened in the early morning by the powerful drone of machines passing just over their roofs on the way to the bombing ranges.

### Bombs overhead

Quite apart from the noise, considerations of safety would suggest that the fully-laden bombers should be given a route clear of the town. But the authorities cannot be prevailed upon to recognise the existence of the townsfolk.

And they are going to spend a lot of money on rebuilding the camp, though it is only a few yards from a tidal river and so could easily be found by enemy attackers in the case of war.

### Perilous ignorance

We think that the whole organisation of the R.A.F. should be overhauled Not long ago we revealed that nearly half the officers examined for promotion were found to be ignorant of the problem in air pilotage they were asked to solve.

Is it surprising, then, that accidents occur?

Whitehall must be shaken out of its dangerous stupor before disaster on a large scale results

### Lord Pooh-bah

General Spears, M.P., is trying to stir it into action about another matter.

He points out that a soldier never gets a real chance to appeal against a court-martial sentence, because at every stage his case is dealt with by the same man.

That man is the Judge Advocate-General, the Army's lawyer. He is a man of high integrity and great ability, but it is ridiculous that he should be allowed to advise the court and then to decide whether its findings shall be upheld or set aside

### Plums of office

As for that other topsy-turvy concern, the Post Office, we are tired of discussing its stinginess.

But we were both annoyed and amused by its offer of a net weekly wage of 11s 3d for a caretaker and telephone operator who would have to be on duty for 96 hours a week. One of the conditions laid down is that the applicant must not be engaged in banking. We think that only a banker could afford a job like that.

*Our air gunners may need targets, but Whitehall's mandarins must see that human life is not imperilled as a result*

### The graspers

For yet another curious aspect of officialdom, go to Brighton. See how the public assistance committee there would penalise a school teacher because her husband, a war victim, is in a mental home.

She earns £4 a week and has to provide for a daughter of sixteen who, having won a scholarship, is about to enter a training college. She pays to the assistance committee each week her husband's insurance benefits and an extra half-crown.

### Asking for more

But the committee thinks she ought to pay £1, and the magistrates have, in fact, ordered her to pay 15s.

We think the State should be held responsible for the keep of that poor fellow and others like him.

### Impudence

But the most astonishing feature of that case is a remark by the presiding magistrate, Mr. H. A. Baily.

He asked why the daughter should go to college, and added that she ought to go in for domestic service.

In other words, however clever a child may be, she shouldn't be given a chance if her parents are poor.

If Mr. Baily didn't mean that he should withdraw his remarks. And if he did mean that, we don't think he is fitted to preside over the Brighton Bench.

### Blunt speaking

On the other hand, we commend the plain speaking of Croydon's deputy mayor, Alderman Lewis, about the "police persecution" of motorists for petty offences.

He refuses to sit as a magistrate in future when drivers are charged with leaving their cars unattended for a few moments. We wish others would do the same.

But in some other courts it seems that the Bench considers petty motoring offences as good excuses for increasing the court revenue. And many magistrates differ in their treatment of motoring offences.

### Lucky

In Alderman Lewis' court fourteen drivers were charged with leaving their cars unattended. Some were fined 40s. Yet on the same day a woman at Petersfield Petty Sessions was fined only 10s. for driving on after a collision.

It was said that she was driving for the first time.

We hope she won't drive again.

### Shabby

Now a word about road accidents. Two people killed recently were identified by the police by means of their finger-prints.

At Folkestone, the police witness merely identified the dead man, but at a City of London inquest the police added the information that the victim had 46 convictions and had served 50 years in jail.

That seems to us to have been an unnecessary and shabby piece of evidence. As the man was dead, his police record was of no consequence to anyone. Why make it public?

### Quality and quantity

Now for a word about two really good deeds.

One was performed by a boy of sixteen, Pat Phelan. Rescuing a child from a canal at Pendlebury, Lancs, he applied artificial respiration, borrowed a cycle and took him home two miles away.

Then, still in his dripping clothes, he returned the machine and walked three miles to his own home.

And we must compliment the elderly Bournemouth man, Mr. O. C. Porter, who rescued seven people in one day. They both deserve public recognition.

### Youth looks on

Compare them with the dozens of young men in bathing costumes who just looked on when a young girl was in danger of drowning at Southend.

Fortunately the girl was saved by a police officer, but even when he himself got into difficulties the young men made no move.

What a shameful slur on the rising generation!

### Prosecute them!

While talking about bathing accidents, we must welcome the suggestion put forward by the North Northumberland coroner.

He would prosecute any bather who deliberately risks his life and causes other people to imperil theirs in saving him.

That sort of bather is as dangerous as a reckless motorist.

### Callous

But for the supremely foolish person we must go to Lancaster.

There six men have been given up as lost in a missing yacht—sheer, stark tragedy. Yet some idiot has seized it as a chance to play a wickedly callous hoax.

A fake S O S. message in a bottle raised the hopes of the mourners until it was proved to be false. We wish we could discover the hoaxer and give his name to those sorrowing relatives.

### Moral murder

A name we shall not forget quickly is that of Joseph Hare. He is the Boston contractor who so over-worked one of his young drivers that the poor fellow had only ninety minutes' sleep in four days and was killed because he dozed at the wheel.

We need add nothing to the deputy-coroner's comment that Hare was morally responsible for the man's death.

### The police wink

But we want to point out that, indirectly, the coroner was censuring the police.

Though the Road Traffic Act makes it an offence to overwork drivers, the police have winked at it.

That is why Parliament should rush through the new Road and Rail Traffic Bill, which provides that such slave-driving employers shall be deprived of their licences and driven out of business.

But the Government must also see that the police do their bit.

### Barbarous parent

From a heartless employer we pass to a particularly cruel parent.

He is Charles Winfield, and he has been charged at Manchester with ill-treating his eleven-year-old son. Because the boy was mischievous his father tied his hands together and left him hanging from a hook for two hours, with only his toes touching the ground.

But if you think that precious father has been sent to jail you are mistaken. The magistrates merely bound him over.

### Flouting the court

Equally lenient were the Launceston magistrates when Richard Currah was summoned for assault.

As the prosecutor was giving evidence Currah prang at him, knocked him into the public benches, and cut his mouth and nose.

Men who have behaved like that in London courts have usually gone to jail for a lengthy term. But Currah was merely bound over. Perhaps the magistrates were asleep when he was battering the unlucky prosecutor?

### Wealthy loafers

Another unpleasant tale is that of the London man who, fined for being drunk, was said to have an income of £2,000 a year, and who admitted that he just loafed about.

The magistrate told him to interest himself in others, but advice is usually wasted on that sort of person.

We should like to see them dealt with as severely as the poor wretches who are sent to jail because they can't afford a night's shelter.

### The reason why

The magistrate mentioned that he had just talked to a barrister who had only had one meal in four days, and we have heard of other members of the Bar who have hardly any soles to their shoes.

You see, the high cost of litigation is frightening people from the courts, and barristers are suffering in consequence.

### Hard-up justice

We are glad to see that Mr. Justice Humphreys, at the end of the big fire conspiracy case, referred to the hardship of the jury that had been forced to sit for six weeks without any sort of recompense.

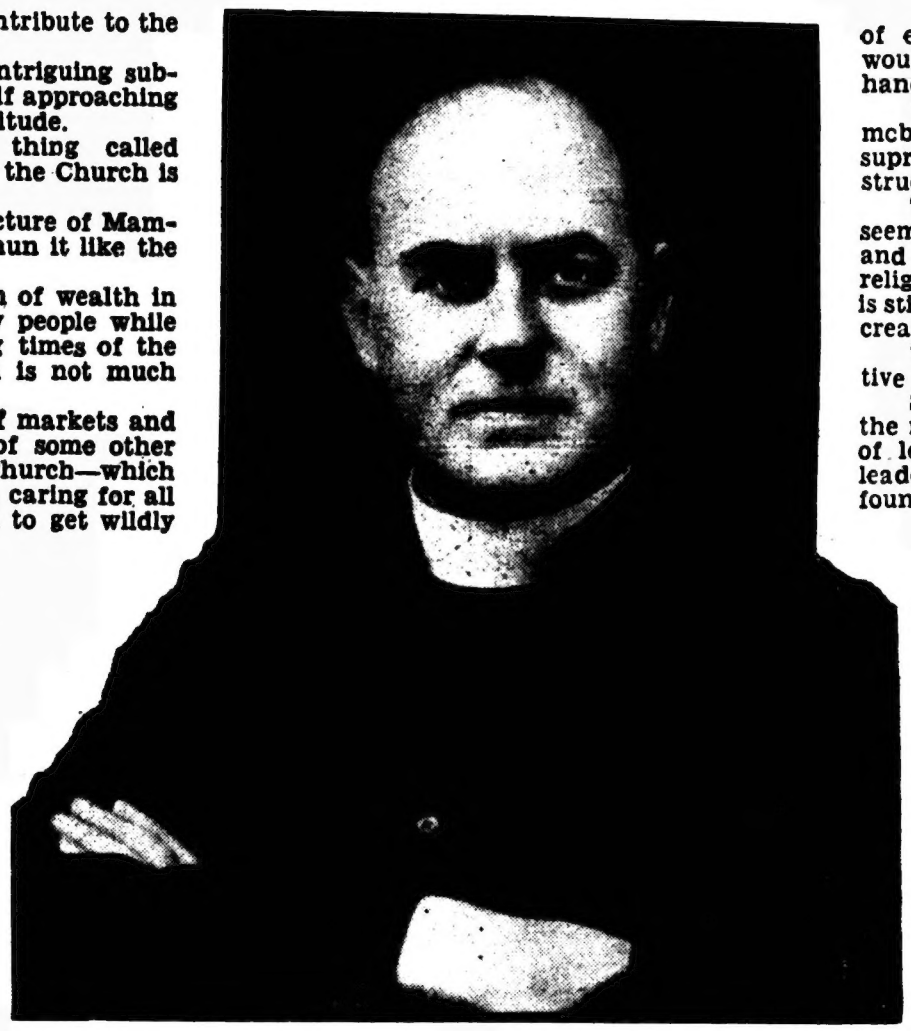
Almost as bad was the plight of the out-of-work Oxford man who lost his "dole" for every day he served as a juryman.

And we know of a Hounslow man, earning his living as a window-cleaner from day to day, who had to walk twelve miles daily to the High Court and whose wife and children went without food as a result.

Is Britain so poor that it cannot afford to pay the out-of-pocket expenses of jurors?

## The Church's Prosperity Problem

# Slaves of Mammon



*by* The Rev. Canon **Guy Rogers,**

*Hon. Canon of Birmingham*

HOW can the Church contribute to the return of Prosperity?

This is a very intriguing subject, but I find myself approaching it in a defensive attitude.

What is this thing called Prosperity to which the Church is asked to make its contribution?

If it is anything like Watts' picture of Mammon, the Church's business is to shun it like the Devil.

If it means the reaccumulation of wealth in the hands or the pockets of a few people while the rest go short, as in the piping times of the great Victorian epoch, the Church is not much concerned with it.

If it simply means expansion of markets and recovery of trade at the expense of some other group of one's fellow-mortals, the Church—which is meant to be a catholic institution caring for all men alike—can hardly be expected to get wildly excited about it.

Prosperity, if it is in any sense to become the Church's business to promote it, must mean something more than national self-sufficiency, and must presuppose a more equitable distribution of wealth than we have at present, and must imply cultural interests as well as those of an economic kind.

Perhaps it is well to give a friendly warning to all whom it may concern that the Church has no intention of being dragged at the tail of any "Prosperity Movement" to rehabilitate the old industrial order, unless it can be shown to the Church's liking that it is worth rehabilitating, and that the necessary modifications which might make it a Christian order are forthcoming.

If we have escaped from our old traditional rôle of "blessing the guns" that go into battle, we are not going to be caught by any specious proposal to bless a prosperity movement which is mainly concerned with making a few people rich.

We shall examine each proposal on its merits, and our support will be given on moral grounds or not at all.

I am afraid this may seem a little unsympathetic to those who are genuinely concerned with the restoration of national prosperity. But may I be allowed to remind them of the honourable but difficult position which the Church occupies, or perhaps I should be well advised to say ought to occupy in the world?

## A finer prosperity

IT can never make national interests its supreme concern, for it serves humanity as a whole.

Patriotism, while it remains for every Churchman as a moving sentiment, is strictly controlled by a higher loyalty which may be described as loyalty to the Kingdom of God.

It is quite possible that economic nationalism may in the end be found to be capable of such modification as not to obstruct this larger loyalty, but the Church's attitude is bound to be cautious until it can be assured on the matter.

Again, the Church's view of prosperity contains in it so many elements besides those of a material kind that it will always be regarded as a very doubtful ally by some—Communists, for example, who are concerned solely with improving the material basis of life for mankind.

Prosperity means, for the Church, neither the cult of the machine nor the abolition of the machine. It does not mean simply a good square meal with "afters" to follow. It involves much of which national dividends take no count.

While it yields to none in demanding a sound physical and economic basis for prosperity, it is equally insistent on the need for a moral and spiritual basis. "Man shall not live by bread alone" is part of the Christian philosophy.

To preserve some sense of the eternal—to keep the soul alive—to lift man to the highest level of moral, spiritual, æsthetic attainment—is all involved in the Church's definition of prosperity, and no material achievements which blur this vision or impede this development will find much sympathy from the Church, unless the Church is stampeded again as it was in 1914.

It will be seen, then, that to some ardent souls of all political Parties the Church may appear rather as a drag upon their efforts than as an ally to their plans for returning prosperity.

The "Means Test," for instance, has got to be put right with all that the phrase involves in regard to a proper standard of living for the unemployed, even if it involves increased taxation or some other form of the redistribution of wealth.

We cannot brush aside the claims of human personality in our pursuit of prosperity. Better England struggling with adversity and still morally alive, than England economically secure, but to the claims of fellowship morally dead.

Nor can we find much satisfaction in any plans for prosperity which merely shift the burden of unemployment from one country to another by depressing the currency with a view to snatching markets from competitors as pressed as ourselves.

With that kind of mind which used to exploit Free Trade because of the commercial advantages which it was supposed to give to England, and with that kind of mind which now exploits tariffs for the same reason, the Church finds itself out of sympathy.

## Power of passion

PROBABLY the best constructive service which the Church can render at the present time lies in the realm of the Spirit.

I do not wish to minimise the service which the Church might render in popularising a credit scheme on which there was a reasonable amount of agreement, or in destroying the economy complex by preaching a wise-spending crusade. But I am thinking of where the Church can lead rather than of where it can follow.

First, it can attack the defeatist attitude which assumes that there is no solution of our present troubles, and that we are all in the grip of economic determinism. I wish the Church would go to that battle with flaming sword in hand.

Unfortunately, it has often in the past been mobilised for destructive purposes: now is the supreme opportunity for directing it to a constructive aim.

The burning passion of the Communist, which seems to deny the basis of his own economic creed and which gives in the most contradictory way a religious fervour to a soul-destroying social policy, is still the kind of passion which the Church might create in the interests of a better order of society.

The Church could furnish the right alternative to the Communist's emotional appeal.

Secondly, the Church can not only teach men the need of leadership, but provide the right tests of leadership by which men can recognise the leader when he comes. The Church has a profound belief in leadership. God only becomes known through the exploit of Redemption embodied in a Leader Who triumphed through the Cross.

The Church can therefore sympathise to the full with the present demand for leadership, and can help the nation to find the right leader that it can trust.

There is a great deal of loose talking to-day about this question of leadership, and if we are not careful we may make a big mistake. It is not unusual to hear people say, "We don't care who or what the leader is; only give us one who can put the job through, let it be Lenin or Hitler, only let him lead."

It matters a great deal whether we are led up a blind alley or out on to the open road. It matters where we are eventually going.

I remember when I was working in East London there was an undertaker who used to advertise his funerals with the attractive commentary "Distance no object." I often wondered what he meant. It certainly mattered whether the destination was heaven or hell, however great the distance.

It certainly matters to-day whether the proposed leader is going to lead us to the servile state or to a co-operative commonwealth.

The Church will have none of this blind leap in the dark. To every candidate for leadership it says "Produce your credentials, and set forth your programme."

## Love; a Cross; Courage

WE know the kind of leadership that the world needs. The man who leads us must have love in his eyes, a cross in his soul, as well as courage in his heart. We reject the idea of the ruthless dictator who is for the time being to be independent of God. We shall not find deliverance through a moratorium of the moral law. No leader who asks for such suspension need apply.

Finally, the Church can teach the people how to make use of prosperity when it comes. It might bring with it a curse rather than a blessing, just as a starving man can die of overeating on an empty stomach.

Prosperity must be accepted with thankfulness, tempered by discipline. It is not every man who can say, like Paul, "I know how to abound." Most people make a mess of it, and betray incorrigible selfishness when fortune smiles on them.

Without attempting to sing the praise of adversity overmuch, the Church knows how great an impostor prosperity may be. The most precious values in life may wither under a *régime* of wealth.

The Church may therefore find a useful rôle in preparing for the age of plenty. The old lessons of neighbourliness, the right use of leisure, the satisfaction of the higher in preference to the lower self, will have to be taught against a new background. The temptation to behave like the dog who has at last got his bone and goes off to crunch it by himself will have to be resisted.

If the Church can help men to enjoy plenty without growing selfish or indifferent to the world of eternal realities, it will have justified itself in the new age.

# The Wonderland

AN epic story of nation-building without a parallel in the history of our times lies behind the gathering at Prague, the capital of the new State of Czecho-Slovakia, of an assembly that is beyond doubt the most remarkable in the world.

The sixteenth World Zionist Congress has drawn from every corner of the globe, from the great metropolises of the five continents, from the towns, villages and hamlets of every civilised country, thousands of Jews who have for the moment transformed Prague into a veritable city of Israel.

They are attending the great Parliament of the Jewish people that has been held every two years since the early days of the present century.

The Zionist Congress is the supreme representative authority of the Jewish national movement for the restoration of Palestine, the Land of Israel, as the historic heritage of the Jewish people and as the new Homeland of this world-scattered race, torn and scarred by twenty centuries of persecution and dispersion.

It is the dramatic and visible illustration of the most amazing race survival in human history; the living manifestation of the Jewish wandering over the face of the globe, and an astonishing racial cohesion which has overcome untold trials and suffering and triumphed over enemies long forgotten in the dust of time.

*by*

## A. L. Easterman

The Congress meets to-day at a moment both of triumph and of tragedy for the Jewish nation.

On the one hand, the Zionist Movement, after 37 years of struggle, often bordering on despair, is witnessing the achievement of its ideals in the firm establishment of a Jewish National Home in Palestine under the mandatory authority of Britain.

On the other, the terrorism of Nazi persecution in Germany ruthlessly pursuing an openly declared aim to exterminate the Jews of Germany, politically and economically, savagely encouraging their physical suppression by violence and preaching a world war of anti-Semitic race hatred, has cast a gloom over the whole Jewish nation.

### *Triumphant work*

To continue the triumphant work of a regenerated Palestine and to combat the menace of Hitler and his doctrines of hate, is the dual function of the present Congress.

Nothing is more remarkable in the story of human endeavour than the success of the New Palestine that the Zionist Movement has accomplished.

Within the short space of less than twenty years, the Holy Land, left derelict and desolate after centuries of Turkish misrule and destruction, where time stood still and the march of progress failed to penetrate, has been transformed into a veritable land of promise replete with modernity, ecstatic with new ideas and economic life, and aflame with hope for a future of prosperity and progress.

Not more than twenty years ago Palestine was but a relic of the Bible, sadly neglected and barely known in the busy workaday world. What was once the "land of milk and honey" had become a desert, primitive and desolate. The Arab inhabitants lived and worked and died as their forefathers of many centuries ago had lived and worked and died.

The camel and the donkey were still the sole means of transport; the primitive plough, merely scratching the surface of the soil and pulled by bullock, camel and ass incongruously yoked together, was still the sole method of agriculture. The Arab still dwelt in his village of mud huts, wore the same clothing as his ancestors and eked out a miserable livelihood in squalor and disease and something akin to bondage to his master the "Effendi."

The "Cedars of Lebanon" and the "Smiling Slopes of Judea" had become only a historical memory. The hills, once densely wooded, were now bare, barren rocks, scorched white by the blistering Eastern sun; the valleys, once rich and fertile, were now miserably poor and forlorn. The rivers that once flowed had long since dried up and their

*Dr. Chaim Weismann, who took up the torch that Theodor Herzl, creator of modern Zionism, set aflame*

beds had become "Wadis" of parched and whitened stone.

Water was a luxury haphazardly collected in the sunken wells of Biblical days; artificial light was unknown save for the guttering candle and the rude oil lamp which were the hall-mark of luxury and the indulgence only of the rich and well-to-do.

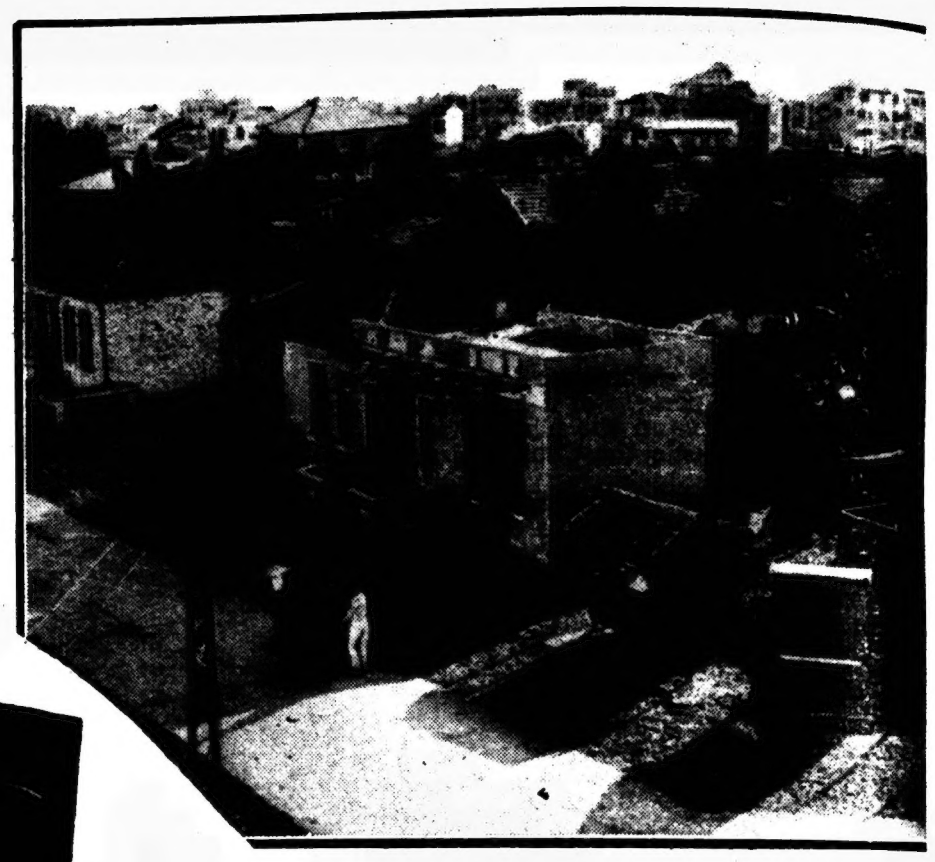
Disease stalked the land, unchecked; malaria rising thickly from the stagnant pools and dirt heaps in the towns and the countryside, took a devastating toll of human life.

This was the land that once was the glory of the Hebrew race, the scene of the power and pomp of the Kings of Judea, of the golden age of Solomon and his temple, and of the luxury and prosperity denounced by the thundering voice of the Prophets of Israel.

### *Bygone glories*

This was the land which the Jew, through twenty centuries of exile, never ceased to mourn and to which his daily prayers urged him to return. This was the desiccated remnant of bygone glories that the first handful of Jewish settlers found forty or more years ago when, fleeing from persecution in Eastern Europe, and the bloody pogroms of Tsarist Russia, they sought refuge in the Palestine of their ancestors.

These few Jews, with their wives and children, founded small agricultural settlements near Jaffa and in the Plain of Esdraelon, suffering untold



hardships, amid hostile Arabs. They were the pioneers of the New Palestine, like the heroes of the Covered Wagon pioneers of California and the great Middle West of America.

Trial and tragedy pursued them relentlessly, they toiled and suffered and died, but they held on grimly and persisted. Out of their courage and heroism grew the miracle of Modern Palestine.

To-day, some 200,000 Jews have settled in Palestine, the overwhelming majority during the past fifteen years. They have come from every nook and corner of the globe; from the hard and hazardous towns and villages of Russia and Poland, from Roumania and Austria, from South Africa and Australia, from London, New York, Berlin and Paris.

### *Progress*

The plains and hills and valleys of the Holy Land have, within this brief space of time, been remoulded beyond the wildest dreams of the most extravagant idealist.

Dotted throughout the country, literally from Dan to Beersheba, "colonies," as they are called, have sprung up in luxuriant profusion. There are some 200 of these agricultural settlements — some with only about a score of settlers, others, like Rishon-le-Zion, Petach Tikvah and Hederah, with thousands of inhabitants, cultivating the soil, raising fertile and abundant crops, rearing fine cattle and dairy produce, and sowing the countryside with resplendent and perfumed orange groves and orchards of luscious fruits.

The historic Valley of Jezreel, stretching from Nazareth to the Lake of Galilee, in Bible days a bloody battlefield, and, till the New Palestine was born, a vast forbidding malarial swamp, is now a smiling landscape of rich fields, of colourful farms and orchards. The swamps have been drained and the "colonies" connected with fine arterial roads where formerly not even a donkey track was seen.

Agriculture is carried on with the latest devices of Science.

In the fields you will see at work the latest ploughing machine, driven by motor tractor, and the most up-to-date threshing apparatus of Europe and America.

In these colonies the new Jew has been born. They are the artisans, the doctors and lawyers and students and the small merchants of the European Ghettoes who have acquired a new appearance and physique under the Palestine sun and the soil of the Holy Land. The bent, crouched posture, and the hunted, often cringing, look of the Ghetto have gone to be replaced by the open, free and courageous visage of a freeborn and happy peasantry.

At work on the soil, tilling and harvesting, are men and women who have forsaken the books of the European universities for the plough—these are the Chalutzim, the pioneers of New Judea, the initiators of a new race divorced for centuries from the soil.

On the fragrant coastal plain running down to the Mediterranean great orange plantations have been sown, and from them millions of boxes of the famous Jaffa oranges reach the fruit markets of the world.

Towns have sprung up along the Judean coast with miraculous rapidity, with factories, workshops and every kind of commercial enterprise conducted on the latest models of modern progress.

Most remarkable of all is the town, now rapidly becoming a city, of Tel Aviv, adjoining Jaffa. It is the first and only completely Jewish city in the world. From the street dustman to the Mayor it is all-Jewish.

### *A modern marvel*

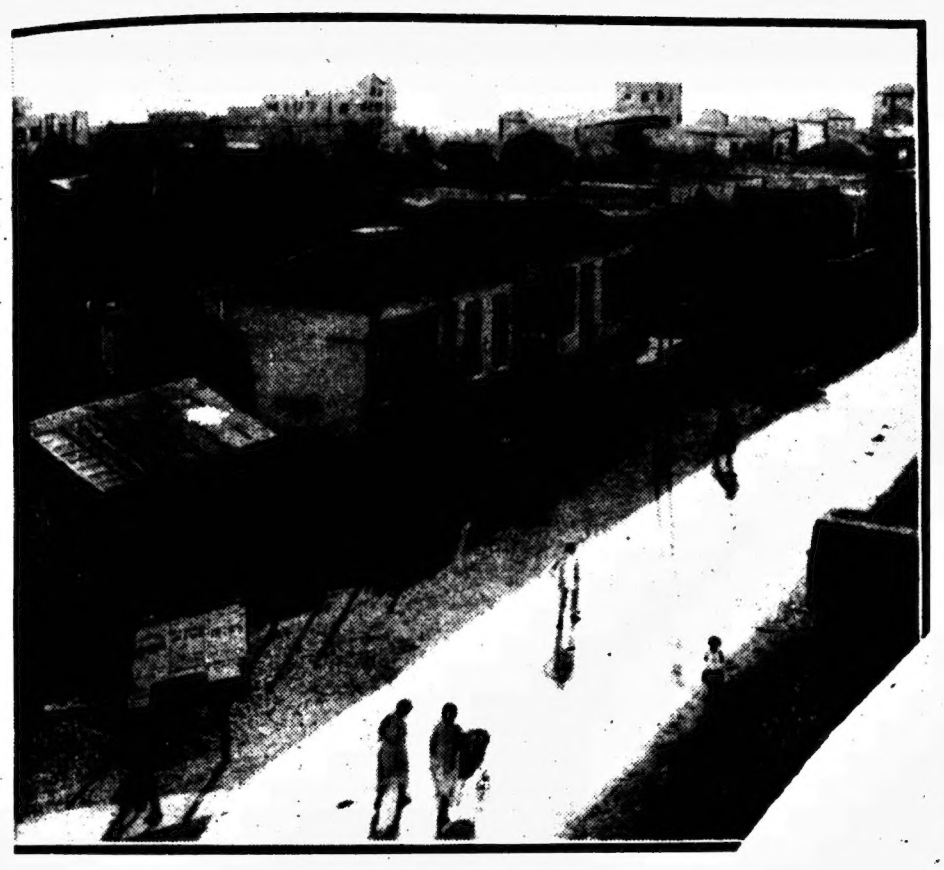
Twenty years ago, Tel Aviv did not exist, even as a name. Its site was a barren sand dune without a blade of grass and not even the semblance of a wooden hut.

To-day, it is a modern European town of 40,000 Jewish inhabitants, with fine streets lined by magnificent buildings and fine shops and interspersed by broad macadam roads through which run luxurious motor-cars and omnibuses and every sort of commercial vehicle. It has its theatres and opera house, its great cinemas and restaurants and modern hotels. The "plage" of Tel Aviv, with its gaily-attired bathers and promenaders, can rival Deauville and Le Touquet in brightness and charm.

Tel Aviv is a triumph of enterprise;

# of PROMISE

## Triumph of Jewry's National Home



*Tel Aviv . . . Twenty years ago it did not exist, even as a name To-day it is a flourishing town of 40,000 Jewish inhabitants*

*Theodor Herzl, his name already a legend, conceived the idea of the restoration of Palestine to the Jews*

the magic product of Jewish activity and sacrifice, for in its building, against avalanches of criticism and derision, vast fortunes have been spent and lost, and many have perished on the way.

On the slopes of Mount Carmel, above the seaport of Haifa, another Jewish town is now in the course of construction, while in Haifa itself a new harbour has recently been constructed, destined to make it the greatest seaport of the Mediterranean and the great depot for the oilfields of Irak and the commerce of the Near East.

### New Jerusalem

Jerusalem itself has been restored to a new magnificence. It has been cleansed and rebuilt. Its dusty bypaths have been replaced by broad European streets and, on the hills surrounding it, fine residential suburbs have been created. Great new buildings have sprung up mushroom-like, and on the Mount of Olives now stands the magnificent new edifice of the recently created Hebrew University.

Great electrical schemes bring light and power to every home and factory in every village and hamlet; for this the waters of the Jordan itself have been harnessed. New reservoirs and pipe lines bring water to the houses of the towns and to the fields in the country, in a formerly thirst-dried land. Broad roads of ultra-modern construction run throughout the length and breadth of the land, through the steep and winding hills of Judea and across the plains from Jaffa to Haifa and from Jerusalem to Jericho and the Dead Sea.

A few years ago Palestine was a hornet's nest of unrest and revolt. The Arabs were hostile to the new Jewish "invasion," and terrorism and banditry ruled. To-day, Arab hostility has gone almost to vanishing point, for the new Jewish settlement has brought prosperity to the land.

It is a remarkable tribute to this great enterprise of national rebuilding that, in a world ridden and sore with trade depression and commercial stagnation, Palestine is vital with activity and optimism. It is a country where there is not only no unemployment, but a constant and growing demand for more and more labour.

The Jewish people who were thought to regard with scorn a "crazy experiment" are flocking in thousands to the new Palestine Homeland and are pouring vast fortunes into its rebuilding. Palestine is a very bright spot in the black Jewish world of oppression and tyranny, and it is here that the salvation of the Jewish victims of the Nazi terror is being sought.

The Zionist Movement has thus reached its triumph; it looks at last on its Promised Land. Its success emphasises the tragedy of its founder and the drama of its progress.

### The pioneer

Theodor Herzl, the creator of Modern Zionism, was, in the early "nineties," a young journalist of Vienna, a critic of art and letters who had forgotten Judaism and knew little of its faith. Suddenly, the Dreyfus case in France—a Jewish army captain falsely accused of selling military secrets to Germany—roused a world fury of anti-Semitism, already raging in the massacres and persecution of the Jews of Russia.

In face of this outburst the Jewish spark in Herzl blazed forth in a new-found flame of love for his people, and in the birth of a burning ideal to rescue them. He conceived the idea of the restoration of Palestine to the Jews as the one solution of the the Zionist Movement and travelled unceasingly to the great cities of Europe to enlist the sympathy and support of the rich Jews.

He met with little success. He sought with astonishing courage, and finally obtained an audience with the Sultan of Turkey, then the overlord of Palestine. From him he asked a Jewish Charter for Palestine, for which he offered £2,000,000.

Abdul Hamid promised, but never fulfilled his promise.

Herzl called the first World Zionist Congress in 1898, but though enthusiasm was intense, it was but a bubble in the ocean. The masses were aflame with the great new ideal of a regenerated Israel, but the material response was wholly inadequate and the wealthy, influential Jews were openly hostile. But Herzl had recreated the Jewish people, whose new national anthem became Hatikvah, the Hope.

### Historic claims

In 1904 Herzl died of consumption and a broken heart.

He has passed into legend as the Modern Moses.

Thereafter, the Zionist Movement was kept alive by a band of Herzl's disciples and the steadfast belief of the people; it persisted, for it was based on an indestructible ideal, yet it declined. It passed through years of tribulation, its fire constantly kept alight by its devoted missionaries.

Then came the war with its miracle for Zionism. In 1915 Lloyd George called on the chemical experts of Britain to find the formula for a naval explosive which was the secret of Germany.

In Manchester University was a junior demonstrator in chemistry called Chaim Weizmann. He was also one of the pioneers and leaders of the Zionist Movement.

Weizmann discovered the chemical formula and offered it to the British Government.

It is related that when asked what he wanted for his discovery, he answered: "If Britain and the Allies should conquer Palestine, remember the historic claims of the Jewish people to their ancient Homeland."

Palestine was conquered. In 1917 Lord Balfour, in the name of the British Government, issued the famous Balfour Declaration recognising the claim and promising to encourage the establishment of a "Jewish National Home in Palestine."

### Rebirth

Weizmann succeeded Theodor Herzl as the leader of the Jewish people, and thenceforward Jewry began its march from 2,000 years of exile, dispersion and persecution to rebuild the ancient Land of Israel, and to a rebirth of the Jewish nation.

Thus, in the triumph of amazing accomplishment in the Holy Land, and in the black tragedy of Hitler's anti-Jewish savagery, the shadow of Theodor Herzl, the successor of Moses, hovers over the Zionist Congress Hall in Prague.

*Reaping the vineyard harvest—the Ghetto forsaken for the open, happy life of the soil*

## Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to SIR HENRY WOOD

# Let YOUTH Change Your Tune

DEAR SIR HENRY,—You have done so much for dead composers. For thirty-eight years now, in succession, you have conducted the Promenade concerts at the Queen's Hall. Highbrows may sneer, but the effect of these concerts, year after year, has been tremendous. All we ask of you, now, is that you pay attention to the music being written to-day by young men who find it hard to get a hearing in their native land.

Even the B.B.C., which often behaved as if it were run by adjutants and amateurs, is more progressive to-day than your Promenades.

After all, you are sixty-three. Most men get conservative-minded at that age. You have worked so hard. You have become sure of yourself The work you have done in the past has been so great that, but for you and one or two others, our love of music might almost have died.

* * *

I beg of you, on behalf of those young unknowns, to modernise your programmes.

Those who say that the British nation to-day is not musical-minded—and most of us have to admit that it is true—would find it hard to believe while, at a Promenade concert, we see the hall crowded with people of every class, the floor jammed with people standing, and we hear the enthusiasm which always surprises wireless audiences when they listen-in. It shows that the British people love good music.

And you, through all the years, have been one of the very few who have persisted in giving it to them.

Although I have met many famous men in my time, I remember few who worked as hard as you. Throughout the Promenade season, you rehearse your orchestra four mornings a week, and spend, usually, the afternoon preparing the soloists. Then, at night, comes the strain of a long concert. This goes on for weeks at a time.

When you began, Wagner was almost unknown to the great public. Now, your Monday night concerts, devoted to Wagner, are always the most crowded.

When you started, the public knew little or nothing of Beethoven. Now, your Beethoven concerts draw great audiences.

Indeed, it is almost impossible to estimate the effect your work has had upon the musical culture of our time. Why, to-day so popular are the "Pathétique Symphony" of Tschaikovsky, Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony," and the "Unfinished Symphony" of Schubert, that highbrows, to use your own words, "have to affect to despise them, because highbrows always have to despise what the public enjoy."

I remember seeing you once in your 300-year-old barn at Chorley Wood. It was at the end of your two months' hard labour at Queen's Hall. You were worn out. You had been at it for ten weeks, morning, noon and night.

Few people know the great labour that goes to the rehearsing of an orchestra which must be perfect.

Most men would have been in bed. Yet you were quietly painting! After all, you started life, almost, as a would-be artist. I am afraid I do not admire your painting nearly as much as I applaud your music. You will forgive this, I know, although few people like hearing criticisms of something which, because they do not do it for a living, they often think more of than their real job in life.

You gave me, I remember, that day some idea of how hard you worked. You told of your long, incessant journeys. You spoke of the compilation of your library of music, which has cost you years and years of labour. It occupies five rooms, and needs the attention of two librarians!

Every part of 3,000 pieces of music had been annotated and gone over by you, yourself. It has cost you between £5,000 and £6,000, and it is worth, they say, £20,000, although, to a conductor, it is priceless.

The business sense with which you approached your musical life had made you realise that all this saved you time at rehearsals. You had lots of trouble at the start, arguments with everybody. Few of the critics were on your side.

It is extraordinary to realise, now, that it took you twelve years to get Beethoven's "Symphonies" accepted by the public! You gave it to them in homeopathic doses. Now, they wallow in the beauty of it.

Indeed, I have known them applaud at the end of a Beethoven symphony for nearly a quarter of an hour.

Well, you, at least, Sir Henry, have survived the general debacle. Covent Garden, apparently, has gone.

The Queen's Hall is now part of the B.B.C.

And you, every night, during your season, are heard on the wireless. The music you conduct goes into thousands and thousands of cottages in the most obscure parts of the land.

Sir Hugh Roberton, the great conductor of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir, was telling me, the other day, that he was a grown man before he ever heard Beethoven played by an orchestra. Then, it meant weeks of saving.

"Now," he added, "my small grandchild whistles naturally the music of the classics."

The B.B.C. has not earned the thanks that is due to you and a few like you. The orchestras were ready when broadcasting began.

Thanks to your many years of persistence, when the outlook was black—oh, how often we have heard that the Promenade Concerts were to end!—you went on. The B.B.C. could not build it up now. But, because of you, the job was done And so, across the air, the culture spreads.

Now, I beg of you, on behalf of the young unknowns, to modernise your concerts. There are so many who would like a chance. You can do, just by waving your fairy baton, what no other man in the country can do—put into sound the yearnings of the great unheard.

# CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

**Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN,**
***Chancellor of the Exchequer***

DEAR NEVILLE,—I wish you would find out what has happened to the committee set up seven years ago to simplify the income-tax regulations.

For five years the committee got lost. Then it suddenly popped up and asked for a new chairman—a high legal expert—and so Lord Macmillan was appointed.

Now Lord Macmillan has been sent off to Canada to preside over a commission there. Have you forgotten the income-tax enquiry? JOHN BULL.

**RONALD JOSEPH SMITH,**
***Brading Road, Brighton***

DEAR RONALD,—From old tins and a clockwork motor you have made a silent machine-gun which, it is said, can fire 600 shots a minute.

That's certainly clever for a boy of sixteen, but I wish you'd turn your mind to the necessities of peace rather than the horrors of war

Even a silent road drill would be worth a lot more to civilisation than a machine-gun. JOHN BULL.

**Mrs. A. PICKERING,**
***Bristol***

DEAR MADAM,—I dare say that a man who is not your husband will think of you every day for the next six months. But they will not be happy thoughts

He is the man you saw leaving your house after having stolen your purse. You hastily followed him, cornered him in a cul-de-sac, forced him to turn out his pockets, and then marched him to a policeman. That means six months in jail for him.

It seems that you are the wife of a police sergeant. I hope he is properly proud of you. JOHN BULL.

**JOHN RAINFORD,**
***c/o H.M. Prison***

RAINFORD,—I really think you must be the most impudent of all the employment-with-investment tricksters.

For you actually visited Wigan employment exchange and found your victims among the unemployed to whom the unsuspecting officials introduced you.

A year's imprisonment may blunt your audacity, but I think that if you were turned over to the unemployed you would fare a good deal worse.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. ARTHUR GAFFIKIN,**
***Boscombe***

DEAR ARTHUR,—It is because of men like you that we all have a soft spot in our hearts for clowns.

Though your comic cycle, weighing 168 pounds, fell on your foot and broke your ankle, you refused to break faith with the children who were eagerly awaiting your appearance, and went through your performance despite your pain

They will love you more than ever now they know why you collapsed at the end of the show. JOHN BULL.

**WALTER WHEELHOUSE,**
***Killamarsh, Sheffield***

DEAR WALTER,—That was a stupid joke of yours to alarm your fellow-members of the Church Lads Brigade by pretending to be drowning, for when you really got into difficulties a little later they thought you were joking again.

Fortunately, the mistake was realised just in time, and they pulled you round after artificial respiration.

I'm glad you live to joke again, Walter—but let it be a more sensible joke next time. JOHN BULL.

**Mr. E. DORAN, M.P.: "National Imperial Patriot" is your new designation now that Conservatives reprimand you. Do decent thing and resign to see if constituents will re-elect you.—JOHN BULL.**

**WALTER EVANS,**
***Maidenhead***

BRUTE,—Paid ten shillings a week to look after a three-year-old child, you have been treating it with abominable cruelty, even thrashing it with a belt.

A doctor testified that it had twenty bruises on its body.

The magistrates sent you to jail for six weeks. Better than nothing, doubtless, but I should have given you a good deal more. JOHN BULL.

**Rt. Hon. Sir HILTON YOUNG,**
***Minister of Health***

DEAR SIR,—One of your bright officials has puzzled Atherstone Council, which wants to house overcrowded families of six and even eleven people.

But the decree has come from Whitehall that it must build only small houses with rooms that are not big enough to hold two bedsteads.

How will such houses relieve overcrowding? JOHN BULL.

**Rev. C. L. CRESSWELL,**
***Savoy Chapel, London***

REVEREND SIR,—For years the Savoy Chapel has been a place where the innocent parties in divorce cases could remarry and start afresh.

Now you have taken office as its chaplain, and you plan to concentrate instead on making the chapel a centre for American tourists.

To offer new hope to the unhappy is surely a worthier object and more in keeping with the aims of true religion.

JOHN BULL.

**GEORGE ARTHUR HAIGH,**
***Woodsley Road, Leeds***

HAIGH,—It was a heartrending story you told when pleading guilty to drawing the "dole" by fraud.

You said your child was going blind and at death's door, and because the doctor ordered it nourishment you couldn't afford you stooped to fraud.

But it was revealed that you had committed the offences over a period of 199 days, though your child is only ninety days old.

No, your excuse was not good enough, and I hope no one will waste sympathy on you because you have gone to jail for three months. JOHN BULL.

**Councillor J. JACKSON,**
***Scarborough***

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—Last month your council spent £141 in sending delegates to conferences; and three delegates were sent to one meeting when two would have been enough.

As I have often said, the fact that most conferences are held at seaside resorts provide free holidays for local councillors and officials.

So though you got no support when you raised the matter in your council chamber, you won the thanks of

JOHN BULL.

# PAY the Game, Dominions!

by A. G. Gardiner

*The farmer is puzzled—he is invited to buy his rival's wares, and then to foot the bill for the advertising*

SO the Empire Marketing Board is to put up its shutters and close down business next month. No more shall we see the public hoardings aflame with appeals to the British housewife to buy New Zealand mutton and Australian butter, Canadian apples and South African peaches.

In the past half-dozen years we have spent £4,000,000 in this propaganda and now that the whole business is wiped out as a bad egg a few plain words about it and about the attitude of the Dominions to this country generally seem called for.

And, first, what was the purpose of the E.M.B. and why has it come to an end?

The purpose was to induce the people of this country to buy more Dominion produce in preference to any other produce. It did not advertise "Buy Devonshire butter," or "Buy Cheshire cheese," or "Buy home-cured ham." Its anguished appeals were all on behalf of the Colonies.

As far as the Devonshire or Yorkshire farmer was concerned, those counties might have been in the moon.

## *Seven years' joke*

The only part that the Devonshire and Yorkshire farmer had in the matter was to help to foot the bill. For, every penny of the £4,000,000 spent came out of the pockets of the British taxpayer. That is to say, the English farmer who was being undersold by the Dominion farmer was helping to pay to advertise his rival's goods in his own market!

It sounds like a joke, and it is a joke; but it is a true joke. The joke has gone on for seven years. It has gone on in the hope that the Dominions would one day be kind enough to help to pay for their own advertising.

But the hope was vain. Even Mr. Thomas's incantations at Ottawa failed to induce them to unbutton their pockets. And so the E.M.B. comes to an inglorious and unlamented close.

If this incident stood alone we might dismiss it as a costly lesson and say no more about it. But it does not stand alone. It is representative of our dealings with the Dominions and the Dominions' dealings with us, and the time has come for a candid word on this great matter.

In saying that word I am not influenced by any but the warmest feelings for the Dominions and the British Commonwealth of Nations. I do not share the view which Disraeli expressed in a letter to Lord Malmesbury in 1853, in which he said "These wretched colonies will all be independent in a few years and are a millstone round our necks."

## *Be honest*

It is true that they have become independent, but in becoming independent they have ceased to be "a millstone round our necks" and have become a source of mutual strength.

But if that relationship is to grow we must not hesitate to be frank with each other. And the plain fact is that this country is not getting a square deal from the Dominions.

On the one side, we give them three priceless things. We give them security from external attack.

The position of Australia, for example, would long since have been untenable but for the fact that behind Australia stands the whole power of the British Empire.

We give them a preference in the greatest market in the world, and, as we have seen, have for years paid for their advertisements in that market.

And we place at their disposal the financial resources of this country on terms they could not obtain elsewhere. Only within the last week or so a £15,000,000 loan for Canada was oversubscribed in London on a single day.

On the other hand, what is our experience? It is the story of the E.M.B. repeated and magnified in every phase of our dealings. The Dominions take much and give—well, very little.

Take the story of the Ottawa agreements. We were bullied into making concessions that ought never to have been made, and to-day the Ottawa cupboard is for us as bare as Old Mother Hubbard's. Our preferences remain, but the Dominion preferences are turning out to be empty illusions. The tariffs on textiles, steel and other of our exports are being manipulated to defeat the preferences and keep us out as effectively as before.

For example, under the Ottawa agreement the dutiable limit for steel plates in Canada was sixty-six inches. The limit has now been raised to seventy-eight inches on the ground that the larger sizes "are of a class and kind made in Canada." That bangs, bars and bolts the door against a large part of the British steel. And so with other commodities.

Or turn to another aspect of the matter. If the British farmer is being beaten out of the cheese and butter market, it is by the illegitimate competition of the Dominions.

## *Irony*

In the House of Commons only recently Mr. George Lambert, himself a Devonshire farmer, said that the same quality of butter which is being sold in Melbourne at 120s a cwt. is being sold in London at 80s. a cwt.

How is it done? By "dumping to a degree never heard of before," said Mr. Lambert. A levy is made on the butter produced in Australia, and this levy is used to subsidise butter exported to England.

It is not for us to complain of cheap food, but this is not fair business, and it is not to our ultimate interest that the British farmer should be bankrupted by subsidised competition from the Dominions. And to add a touch of grotesque irony to the business the British farmer is taxed to advertise the competition that is ruining him.

But it is not only in trade that we have grounds of complaint. In the House of Commons Mr. Lunn has exposed the scandal of the Empire Settlement Act of 1922 and Mr. Thomas did not deny the gravity of the indictment.

## *Right this wrong*

Hundreds of British families, all of them with money, were deluded by false promises to embark in the Australian settlement scheme and have lost every penny. They found neither work nor opportunity and have returned impoverished and in despair.

Mr. Thomas frankly admitted that the conditions under which those people went out had not been fulfilled and said the Government were pressing for justice to be done to these unfortunate people. I hope it will be done, but the wrong should never have been perpetrated.

And there is a third great count on which we do not get a square deal from the Dominions. It is the burden of Imperial Defence. That burden amounts to more than a hundred millions a year. It is borne almost entirely by this country, but it is borne in the interests of the Empire as a whole.

The security of Australasia is as dependent on it as the security of this country. The vast expenditure on Singapore, for example, has been incurred certainly as much for the safety of Australia as for the defence of British trading and political interests in the Far East. In these circumstances can it be suggested that we alone should bear the expense?

## *We pay*

In saying all this I repeat that I have no purpose in mind except that of promoting the best interests of Britain and the Dominions.

Those interests cannot be promoted while there is growing up in this country a feeling that in our dealings with the Dominions it is we who pay the piper and the Dominions who call the tune

---

*Not from the B.B.C.—Adolf Hitler is ready with*

# The Big Stick for Lipstick

OF all the dictators you know,
I, Adolf, am biggest by far;
Whatever I say has to go,
Whoe'er I dislike I debar,
And none dares to take any measure
That's likely to cause me displeasure!

Some call me a fraud and a fake,
But, having my banner unfurled,
I am out to make Germany take
Her place at the head of the world;
To this end the land I must shake up—
By placing a ban upon make-up!

No strength will I spare nor have spared;
Though traitors may plead, plan and plot,
All patriots must be prepared
And save all their powder and shot—
An end which, of course, pre-supposes
A ban upon all powdered noses!

Surprise has been expressed that I, Adolf the Conqueror, in the midst of my multitudinous activities, can turn my august gaze to a vanity-box.

But I have always contended that women must stand shoulder to shoulder with the boys of the dachshund breed in the great campaign for the regeneration of the Fatherland, and it is more important that women should help save the country than save their faces.

The lipstick and the powder-puff are, as stated in the order issued from Nazi headquarters, unworthy of German womanhood. They are concessions not only to feminine, but to masculine weakness, and I cannot tolerate the thought that any Nazi should be deflected from the path of duty by the sight of lips like a newly-painted fire alarm or a nose like a freshly-iced wedding cake.

The vetoes on vanity already issued are only a beginning. Silk stockings, for example, seem singularly unsuitable wear for a nation in jack-boots.

It is, indeed, my intention that the fraulein of the future shall be a very different person from the short-skirted, made-up charmer of the days when Berlin was on the Spree and Little Willie preferred blondes.

Although strenuously opposed to the nudist cult, I am a firm believer in nude faces. I have been warned that my new campaign will arouse the hostility of both sexes, but I mean to persist with it.

And let me make it clear that it will be vain for any Nazi detected in the act of kissing a made-up hussy to plead that he was merely trying to enforce my order for the removal of paint.

For the rest, I now propose calling a conference of my more experienced Jew-baiters, so that they may devise a suitable punishment for the author of a traitorous song just brought to my notice:

Alas! the girls of Gottenburg
Are not the girls they used to be!
The lips we kissed
Are sorely missed,
For pale they are and sad to see;
The place is now a rotten burg,
Devoid of interest for me.

The faces Nature gave us all
Are sometimes such as should be mourned;
So why should Art
Not play her part
In aiding what might else be scorned,
And mercifully save us all
From Nazi nature unadorned?

Bring back the girls of other times,
Who vanished with the Hitler purge!
A shiny nose
Turns love to prose.
So German youth may feel an urge
To seek the girls of other climes,
And thus sound Adolf's fun'ral dirge!

# Boy's Sentence Shocks All Britain

TWO weeks ago JOHN BULL made publicly known the heart-rending circumstances in which a nine-year-old child, Charles Slater of Walworth, London, had been sentenced by a juvenile court to be detained in a reformatory for six years.

The little boy, with some companions, took a clock from a motor-car, but all the evidence suggested that the action was only a prank rather than theft.

While the child, who had never been in trouble before, was kept in custody, as is usual in children's court cases nowadays, so-called women welfare workers made enquiries among his mother's neighbours to learn what scandal they could about the Slater family.

They learned nothing, but in court a demand was made to have the boy taken away at least from the "rough and shabby" neighbourhood of his home—an ordinary working-class district.

A barrister, who pleaded for the boy, condemned vigorously the activities of self-styled welfare workers and pointed out that they thrust themselves solely upon the working-classes. They never dared to meddle with the affairs of better-to-do people, and there had never been a case in which they had tried to have the mischievous children of these parents put away in institutions.

We recognised that the cruel punishment of this nine-year-old boy and of his mother, against whom not a word of reproach could be spoken, would be likely to bring us support in our efforts to have the child restored to his parents. Never could it have been conceived that public indignation would ventilate itself so overwhelmingly as it has done.

The sentence has shocked all Britain.

*Nine-year-old Charles Slater has begun to serve his six years' sentence*

FROM every county, even from the Orkney and Shetland Isles, and, it seems from almost every town in the country, letters have poured in upon us daily extending sympathy to the Slater family, condemning the outrageous treatment of a child so young, and offering by numerous forms of service to mobilise influence to have him set free.

Not for years has there been such a widespread and intense expression of hostile public judgment upon a sentence of the courts.

Ninety out of every hundred letters are from mothers. They are written from the heart in unrestrained anguish and all speak in terms of dismay and horror of the system by which it is being made easier to have very young people locked up in institutions for long periods.

In these extracts from three letters is summarised the volume of sympathetic indignation which the Slater case has aroused.

From a mother of six at Ipswich:

How my heart aches for the tortured mother of this little chap—the baby of her family. And thousands of other mothers in the land must have felt their hearts stricken when JOHN BULL exposed this shameful injustice. . . . Your journal is our only shield against the new tyranny that is robbing parents everywhere of their little ones . . . May God comfort Mrs. Slater in her misery until her sonny is sent back to her.

From Newcastle-on-Tyne:

I sat with my own baby boy on my knee to-night and prayed that he and our home may ever be protected from those who have made it their mission in life to find reason to separate children from their parents. . . . In this city, as everywhere else, apparently, no working-class home seems to be safe in these days from the intrusion of this new strange body of women who, in the guise of social service, are recruiting agents for reformatories, asylums and other places of detention.

From Teddington, Middlesex:

JOHN BULL more than justifies its existence, apart from its many other excellent features, by making public such cases as that of the boy Slater. The terrible sentence and the methods used to obtain it should now convince every working-class mother that she must ever be on her guard against this intolerable interference with the lives and liberty of children.

*Mr. Ian M. Horobin, M.P. for Central Southwark, where the Slater family live, will earn the thanks of his constituency by assisting to have this terrible wrong put right*

Fathers in large numbers have joined in the national chorus of protest and disgust.

In seventeen industrial areas petitions are being signed in collieries, factories and offices, and in other districts various organisations are demanding the local clergy and Members of Parliament to play a part in persuading the Home Secretary to release Charles Slater.

Petitions of protest were circulated among and largely signed by spectators of the recent England-West Indies Test Match at the Oval cricket ground.

THIS letter from a father in Sheffield is typical of many:—

Surely the time has come when the fathers of Britain will get on their feet and muster force to repel this insidious attack upon the sanctity of the home and the freedom of little children. . . . They have been dumb too long while their country has become a land of child-snatching officials and institutions.

A lawyer, writing from the Temple, states that it has become well known to solicitors and members of the Bar that iniquitous sentences are imposed at juvenile courts, at which few parents are legally represented when their children are brought up for misdemeanour.

He attributes the miscarriages of justice mainly to the extraordinary influence which women welfare workers have obtained in these courts.

Bad as it is, he emphasises, the position will certainly become worse as from November 1 next.

On that date, according to a Home Office memorandum just issued, these children's courts, from which the public is already excluded, will be conducted in complete secrecy. Even the Press will now be rigidly excluded from them.

This secrecy will play right into the hands of the horde of women welfare workers who regard it as their chief duty to find reasons to put children in places of detention.

Few justices with any legal training sit on the Bench at juvenile courts. Now, with the decision to establish wholly secret courts, *there will be no check whatever upon the methods and evidence used by these welfare workers to achieve their purpose.*

ONLY the Home Secretary, Sir John Gilmour, can now free little Charles Slater from his prison.

Sir John is on holiday in Scotland, but this fact will not hinder the action being taken to obtain the child's release. JOHN BULL has communicated all the circumstances of the boy's imprisonment to the Home Office, together with an indication of the volume of resentment expressed by our readers.

# The Silver Lining

MISFORTUNES are said never to come singly. In fact, there are many superstitious people who maintain they always come in threes.

It was so in the case of a hardworking youth living at Bridgend, Glamorgan.

Although his weekly wage had never been higher than that of a provincial junior shop assistant, he is the support of two old parents whose only other source of income is the Old Age Pension. His responsibilities, accordingly, are as heavy as those that many fathers of families have to shoulder.

You might think he would pine for the chance to spend money on himself as so many other youths of his age are able to do. But he is not made in that mould. The chance to keep his old people happy in the autumn of their days is all he asked.

Life was proceeding quite rosily according to his modest standards when the first misfortune came.

He reached his shop one morning to be told that they were sorry . . . they liked his work . . . they wished him the best of luck . . . but ——. Yes, it was Economy. Somebody had to go. His employment would come to an end next Saturday.

Two days before that week's notice expired, Fate struck again. He stirred uneasily in his sleep early in the morning to smell burning, acrid and unmistakable. And he raced downstairs to find several pounds worth of damage had been done.

The third misfortune really rose out of that tragic event. His working clothes had gone, the shop attire he would have to have if he was to get a new job. Three strokes of cruel ill-luck at the time in his life when he was least able to face up to them.

What should he do? Beyond remembering that he had once made use of a coupon similar to one you find on page 34, and informing JOHN BULL on the lines prescribed, he could think of nothing. But that, as it happened, was enough to put a new face on his misfortune.

When the damage had been put right and money provided for new shop attire as well, all because of his foresight in signing that coupon, two of his three misfortunes had gone in one stroke. The cloud showed its silver lining.

That a lad of such mettle will find a solution of his third difficulty—lack of a job to enable him to continue keeping his old folks in comfort—will be the hope of everyone.

# Shady Dairy Schemes

A LAST and rather frantic rush is now taking place in the "milk round ramp."

That name is given in the established dairy trade of London and the big provincial cities to a type of swindle—for it is nothing more—by which people are induced to part with their savings to purchase a house-to-house daily milk sales connection, which after a short period of test, fades away into nothing.

The operation of the Government milk marketing scheme—when it starts its effectual work next October, will finally check this unpleasant scandal.

Because they know that their harvest time is ending, the individuals behind this "ramp" are now engaged in busy campaigns.

They are hoping to make quick and easy money before the bar of controlled prices is put up against them.

This is how they work:

A growing working district near London or an industrial centre is taken, and there what appears to be a legitimate dairy is opened.

Trade is gained by underselling competitors with milk, eggs and butter. The produce sold is of excellent quality, for the principals are quite prepared to lose money over a short term of weeks in order to create a fictitious goodwill.

Then advertisements are placed offering profitable milk rounds for sale on favourable terms. Investors hand over their money in exchange for "rounds." They do well for a time, while they can purchase milk at wholesale cut rates, but then they find that the source of supply for this cheap milk fails. On equal terms, the "new milkmen" cannot cope with established traders, and in consequence are forced out of business. They have gained experience, but they have lost the money they invested.

All so unfair and so hard on men, who, having saved a few hundred pounds, are hoping to start a profitable business of their own.

One particular concern which was active in the milk round ramp had headquarters in Watford. Rounds were sold in Edgware, Hendon and Burnt Oak. Altogether eleven different investors were victimised to the extent of more than £2,500.

What happened in this case was that the principal sold his wholesale milk business for £1,000. The incoming proprietor found that it was impossible for him to obtain milk at a price which would allow him to provide the approved retailers with "cut price" milk. The whole concern went smash as a result.

This shady milk round ramp is now being pushed extensively in South London and the Essex side suburbs, so the public should be on its guard.

# "Man who Knows Everything" EXPOSED

*Mount Abu. Mulbagala says treasure worth millions is buried "somewhere" in this vicinity!*

*Mulbagala, master of spoof*

HOW easily the elementary teaching of Eastern philosophy can be used as a cloak for unscrupulous practices!

A swarthy face, a turban, an air of culture, a plausible manner, and an infinite capacity for talking the jargon of mysticism—these are the assets which can convert a very ordinary native of India, when he migrates to London, into a "Master" with a train of devoted disciples.

Unfortunately, there are people in this country only too ready to be humbugged by this kind of nonsense.

And the latest import from India to impose on a credulous public in this way is a man who calls himself Dr. K. V. Mulbagala.

## His titles

It is illuminating to give Mulbagala the titles which he claims when he signs his name to any written communication:—

"Fellow of the Dharma Maha Mandal, Benares;

"Fellow of the Royal Empire Society, London;

"Member of the Institute of Medical Astrology and Metaphysical Science, London;

"Council Member of the Inter-Religious Crusade."

What a distinguished-looking list it makes; but actually it means very little indeed.

Mulbagala, since he descended on London, has received what can be described as "good publicity," for some remarkable stories concerning him have appeared in important national newspapers. And his portrait has nearly always accompanied these reports.

"A strange man, with a stranger mission, has just come to London. He is Mulbagala, one of India's most famous Yogis and mystics."

"This strange visitor keeps some of the sacred water of the Ganges in a silver bowl on his mantelpiece, and always sips a little of it before drinking a glass of water."

Those are two sample newspaper extracts.

It has also been announced that the real reason for his journey to England is to interview the spirit of an Indian millionaire, who died two years ago in Rajputana, leaving behind him a slender clue to the secret of a buried treasure.

Precious stones and *gold bricks* (perhaps an unfortunate choice) to the value of millions of pounds had been hidden "somewhere" in an underground safe between the wild region of Mount Abu and the parched desert of Rajputana—an area of search of some hundreds of square miles.

Only by coming to England could this wonderful hoard of treasure be discovered.

A spiritualist guide had informed Mulbagala that nowhere but in London could he gain spirit touch with the departed Indian millionaire, and learn the secret of the treasure.

## Sheer nonsense

Was there ever such nonsense?

But this publicity has served a purpose for Mulbagala. It has placed him in touch with many impressionable people in London who dabble in the occult.

Money, of course, is not the objective of Mulbagala in his spirit-directed voyage of discovery for buried treasure. He is not so crude as all that. Treasure-hunting for mere reward is quite outside his ideas!

He lets it be known that he is a man of very considerable wealth.

The hidden millions—if and when he finds them—will only be used to establish in London a central Yogic training college.

Meanwhile, if any earnest enquirer after truth likes to make a voluntary contribution to the foundation fund of the prospective college, then Mulbagala is happy to receive the gift.

One thing, however, Mulbagala forgets to reveal in all his newspaper publicity, namely, the result of his spirit interviews with the dead, unnamed Indian millionaire who had such eccentric ideas of banking.

Among the other amazing claims of Mulbagala are these:—

Once, as a penance, he buried himself alive in a mountain cave, and suffered no ill-effects after days of confinement without food and water.

He has complete sway over all wild animals. The tiger of the jungle comes to his heel as tamely as a spaniel dog.

He has been described as "The Man Who Knows Everything."

He knows exactly when death will come to any person. The future to him is a book of easy reading.

## Astrology, too!

He is a celibate and has conquered the passions of the body. The beautiful widow of a rajah fell in love with him, and he fled from her rather than run the risk of temptation.

A secret of life is his. He can foretell infallibly the sex of any unborn child.

Since he came to London Mulbagala has lectured extensively on Yoga—that form of ascetic philosophy which enjoins complete abstraction from all worldly objects—and also on astrology.

He even went, on one occasion, to Oxford, and there addressed a certain conference.

His talk then was about astrology, and he prefaced his remarks by saying:—

"It is a pity that the meaning of astrology has degenerated into mere fortune-telling, but I assert it is far above that."

That remark is of particular interest in view of the private activities of this "great Indian Yogi."

Always his precepts are in striking contrast with his personal conduct.

Mark, for example, what he said in a lecture on Yoga to his "Brothers and Sisters":—

"One should practise truthfulness, honesty, continence and non-acceptance of gifts; abstain from falsehood, theft, incontinence and avarice."

An admirable morality in every way, this doctrine of "Dr." K. V. Mulbagala.

## The truth

He is so insistent on truthfulness, but we rather doubt whether he will welcome the real truth which JOHN BULL is in a position to reveal.

For "Dr." Mulbagala is in no way entitled to pass as a Yogi or indeed as a teacher of Indian philosophy.

He is just a common or garden fraud so far as his mystic attainments are concerned.

His stories of buried treasure or imprisonment in a mountain cave are as incredible as they are colourful.

Actually, he is a quite minor official in the Excise department of the Government of India; employed as a sub-inspector at Belgaum in the Bombay province. His rate of pay is about £8 a month.

He is certainly not a life-long celibate. He is a widower with children who are now in the care of relatives.

This man came to England on special leave from India not so long ago, and his rise to "fame" has been meteoric indeed.

## Strange ceremonies

Only when he landed in this country did Mulbagala adopt his pose as a Yogi. It must have paid him well, for, in addition to his receipts from lectures, he has been selling astrological predictions to a wide circle.

The majority of his adherents and dupes in London are women. He has imposed on every one of them in some manner.

His horoscopes he sells at any price from a pound to five guineas, according to the gullibility and purse of his victim.

Recently Mulbagala has been residing at a flat in Haverstock Hill, Hampstead, and there so-called Yoga circles have been held.

One of the strange ceremonies in the flat was the reception into the Hindu faith of a pretty young English girl. She had married the son of a wealthy Indian contractor, who is studying engineering in this country.

Mulbagala persuaded the girl that he could make her a convert and she agreed.

So in the upper room of this Hampstead house a sham religious ceremony was enacted, with Mulbagala as the pseudo-high priest.

The girl took the vows, and went through the ritual as prescribed by Mulbagala.

He, of course, had not the slightest right to perform a religious ceremony of such a kind. The whole business was a mockery and an offence to every orthodox Hindu.

## Overstayed leave

Also, he has been pestering several Indian rulers and other influential Indians now in London for subscriptions. His pretext—to secure funds by which he may represent 50,000,000 Hindus at the World Parliament of Religions to be held shortly in Chicago.

How he was nominated as this delegate of Hinduism, only Mulbagala, sub-inspector of Excise, knows.

Meanwhile, officials at the department of the High Commissioner for India in London are anxious to know what has happened to their Excise sub-inspector, who has vacated his flat at Haverstock Hill.

The time for his return to India has passed. He should have sailed some weeks ago to report again for duty in the breweries and spirit stores of Bombay!

A distinctly unpleasant interview awaits him at the office of the Indian High Commissioner.

They want to know why he has overstayed his leave.

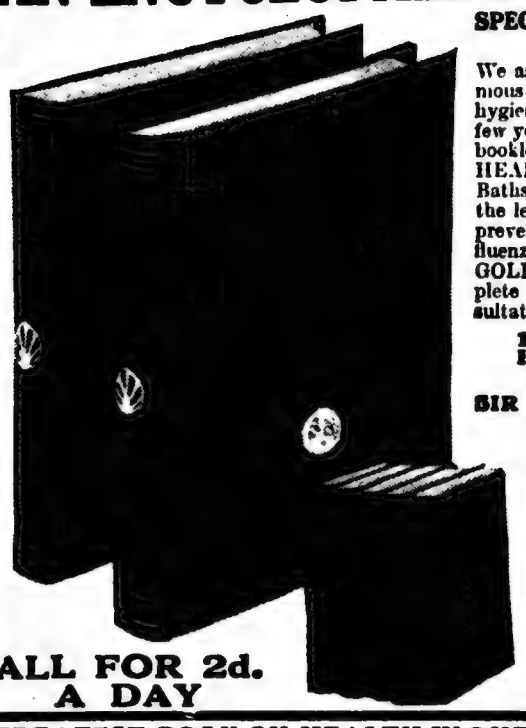
These disclosures should ensure a curtailment of any further attempts at his mischievous methods of money-making by deluding the public.

## At Your Service

If you know of a wrong you would like to see righted; if you have been victimised in any way and would see full justice done,

WRITE TO "JOHN BULL" ABOUT IT!

# AN ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF HEALTH



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# ANOTHER GREAT 3-IN-1 HOLIDAY PRIZE WON OUTRIGHT!

## Result of Crossword Competition No. 224.

*The only correct solution in the above Competition was received from:—*

**H. S. HALL,**
**24a, Byegrove Road.**
**Merton, S.W.19,**

*who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive 20s. a week for life, £200 in cash and a £20 Holiday Cheque yearly for life, or one lump sum of £500.*

*Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, September 5th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."*

*No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between the following 17 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £8 16s. 6d.*

**E. J. Allen, 19, Beringdon Road, Turnchapel, Plymouth; W. Barnes, 388, Heysham Road, Morecambe; W. E. Bond, 28, Cornerswell Road, Penarth, Glam.; H. Dee, Ranmore, Clifton Road, Coulsdon, Surrey; H. Dickinson, 14, Regent Street, Heyland Common, Barnsley; G. Griffith, Town Cottage, Helsby, Ches.; R. Hilton, 97, Gold Street, Wellingborough; H. Lewis, Warehams, Sutton Green, Guildford; A. Mathias, 93, Oxford Road, Linthorpe, Middlesbrough; Miss R. Miller, 66, Flitebrook Road, Leytonstone, E.11; S. Milner, 84, Canning Street, Hull; L. Needham, 7, Hoopers Street, Exeter; A. Smith, 3, Craigwell Crescent, Stockton-on-Tees; F. Snape, 4, Market Hall, Wigan; W. H. Trott, 228, Liverpool Road, Islington, N.1; Miss E. Williams, Post Office, Old Church, Pontefract; J. D. Wilshaw, 28, Devereourt Rd., Sheffield.**

*An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.*

**BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 222—Eighty-seven competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of £1 2s. 6d. will be despatched accordingly.**

**A Greatly Increased Crossword with a New Three-in-One First Prize Offer appears on page 32. Try your skill now.**

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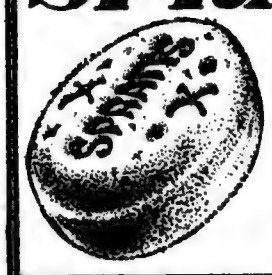


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**Is best for skin troubles. Red, rough skin, sore, itching, burning feet, chafing, chapping, rashes, irritations, cuts and burns, are quickly relieved and healed by applications of Cuticura Ointment. No household should be without it.**

***Sold at all chemists. Price 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.***

# Hair Health For You

## —"I was quite bald and obliged to wear a silk cap."

### Complete New Growth by Using Kotalko.

*NEWQUAY.*

*Twelve months ago I lost all my hair and was quite bald and was obliged to wear a silk cap.*

*Seeing Kotalko advertised, I decided to try a box or two, which I am most thankful I did, for I am now able to show you by my photograph all that Kotalko has done for me, the thickness is most surprising.*

*No one ever thought I should have any hair again, and now, for miles around, people are surprised to see the growth of hair.* *(Miss) W. H. MAY.*

**Legions of other remarkable cases** of growth after baldness, falling hair stopped and dandruff eliminated are reported.

KOTALKO is splendid for children's hair, and for all cases of thin and brittle hair or other hirsutal troubles.

**KOTALKO**
**TRUE HAIR GROWER**

**SEND THIS COUPON**
**Or Copy it.**
**To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,**
**9, Percy Street (53 W.2.), London, W.1.**

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

# Astounding Big Blaze Sequel

## —Fireman Branded by Unjust Dismissal

ONE of Liverpool's great possessions, its Philharmonic Hall, where world-known singers, conductors and composers have won triumph, was recently lost by fire.

When the famous building and its treasures were destroyed, there perished with them also the character and livelihood of one of the men who had been engaged in the desperate duel with the flames.

It was as grim a contest as firemen have ever been engaged in. Around the hall were six hospitals and institutions, the inmates of which were made ready for escape. These places had to be saved.

All night long, for fourteen hours, the officers and other ranks of the Liverpool Fire Brigade gave all that was in them to avert the greater disaster.

When at last they conquered, every man of them, flame-scorched and smoke-blackened, was at the final point of exhaustion.

It was an epic of fire-fighting for which the men concerned have not locally been given the public praise that is due to them.

And when the tumult was at its height, when, after a full round of the clock, the brigade had established its mastery, there happened an incident which has ended in a great injustice.

It has caused the downfall and ruin of a most capable man who has had for nearly fifteen years a spotless record in the public service.

*Mr. John Coventry —broken and branded in consequence of trivial incidents at a great fire when men were weary after a long and magnificent duel with the flames*

### Fine record

JOHN BULL does not tell the story of his humiliation at his own request. We undertook an investigation of the circumstances in which he has been degraded in consequence of an appeal on his behalf from some of his comrades.

They expressed recognition of the fact that JOHN BULL is the only medium in this country by which a wrongly-punished public servant can have his version of an occurrence made publicly known and by which he can hope to obtain redress.

The man who has suffered so terribly in this case is Mr. John Coventry, of 60, Royston Street, Edge Hill.

After a fine record of war-service in the Army, during which, although only a boy, he was recommended for the award of the Victoria Cross, Coventry joined the Liverpool Fire Brigade.

Not once was his character impeached, never was he accused of any act of misconduct or indiscipline. In fifteen years he has been present at all the great fires on Merseyside and neither on these nor on lesser occasions were his efficiency and courage ever in question.

On the night of the fire at the Philharmonic Hall, Coventry had been employed for nine hours on the heavy and laborious task of winding hose.

When he went to the fire with a reinforcement party, he had a three hours continuous spell at close quarters with the flames, operating a hose, breaking windows and clearing debris to allow the attack to progress inwards.

The section of the fire at which Coventry had been posted at last subdued, he reported back to the control-point of the squad to which he belonged.

He had then been on duty for twelve hours, in the last three of which there had not been a minute's respite. Naturally, he required and expected a few moments' rest. He laid his appliances on the ground and removed his helmet to mop his brow.

At that instant, a fire sergeant pointed to a fifty-foot escape and told Coventry to mount it to play a jet upon flames in the upper part of the building.

It has to be recognised that, firm though discipline necessarily must be in a fire brigade, there is not the same rigid demarcation of the lower ranks as obtains in, say, the Navy or Army. The form of address between a fireman and a sergeant, especially in action, is less severe.

In the official enquiry which has since been held into what happened when Coventry was told to climb the escape, no two witnesses were found to agree.

One states that Coventry said, "Couldn't someone else do a bit?" and another, "Couldn't you get someone else to go up?" Coventry's own recollection is that he remarked, "Don't you think I deserve a spell, sergeant?"

In any case, all the evidence points to the fact that Coventry in no sense disobeyed or intended to disobey the order.

He did not give a refusal, but made a request, believing that the sergeant had not recognised that at that moment *he had just left off from three hours' continuous work at another part of the building.*

The sergeant signalled to a disengaged fireman to mount the escape, and as he did so an inspector stepped forward and challenged Coventry with disobedience. He ordered him to climb at once and Coventry did so.

While playing water on the flames at the top of the escape, Coventry had his attention called by one of his mates to a huge dangling beam which, he realised, would collapse on the escape and possibly on his comrades below if it was struck by the jet of water.

From the escape, he shouted down to the sergeant that the beam was "hanging by a straw."

"There is no danger," the sergeant replied.

"You can't see it from down there," Coventry called back to his sergeant.

The inspector was on the alert. He commanded Coventry to descend, and when the fireman reached the ground—it is admitted—he described him as "useless."

"Call me anything, but don't call me 'useless,'" Coventry said to the inspector, adding, "I won't allow anyone to call me that."

What more natural answer could be expected from a man who for fifteen years had borne an unsullied record of efficiency?

Apparently, however, the inspector believed that Coventry should have been dumb. He sent him back to headquarters.

### Dismissal

Before the Chief Constable—in Liverpool the fire brigade is part of the police force—and the Watch Committee, Coventry was charged with disobedience and insubordination by word and demeanour.

Two strong items of evidence were presented against him at the enquiry. One was that for a long time he had been guilty of discourtesy amounting to insolence, and the other that the incidents at the fire occurred in full view and in the hearing of the public.

These were monstrous insinuations.

If Coventry had been insolent for a long period, why, in a service in which discipline is stern, had he not been dealt with before?

And how many members of the public were still watching a fire at 5.30 a.m.? There is reason to believe that only two civilians, attendants from a near-by hospital, were in the vicinity at the time.

Moreover, when the public were gathered at the scene of the fire hours earlier, they were not allowed to approach within two hundred yards of the burning building.

It was foolish, therefore, as it was unjust to accuse Coventry of insubordination within view and earshot of the public.

Nevertheless, he was instantly dismissed from the service.

### Character gone

The disgrace has been made more terrible for Coventry by the official certificate of character given to him by the Chief Constable. It is completely blank except for a line drawn through the space in which his record of conduct should be described!

Of course, every employer to whom Coventry has applied for work has immediately rejected him on seeing this amazing document.

It is almost incredible that a man with such meritorious service behind him should be so completely smashed because of comparatively trivial incidents amid the din and nerve-racking turmoil of fighting a great fire.

We do not believe we shall appeal in vain to the compassion and sense of justice of the Liverpool Corporation when we suggest that it should find means to save John Coventry from his ruin by finding a place again for him in one or other of its services.

*The Human Machine*

## All ARTISTS

*THERE is probably more nonsense talked about Art than about anything else in the world; and the flood of abstruse nonsense is so great that the ordinary person just shrugs his shoulders and assumes that "Art" is the peculiar property of a few queer geniuses.*

*But Art is nothing of the sort. Any of us can be artists; art is not confined to pencil or paint-brush or sculptor's chisel.*

*"Art," said Robert Louis Stevenson, "is the expression of man's joy in his work"; and he said more in that one sentence than is contained in a good many of the ponderous works that have been written on the subject.*

*A man can be an artist whatever he is doing—so long as he takes pride in his work and finds joy in doing it, so long as he puts all his creative ability into it and does it efficiently.*

*You can see true artists wherever you look—behind the plough, wielding the spade, or the saw or the hammer, in factory or field or workshop. There are artists in the kitchen, just as there are artists in the garden or on the roads.*

*No matter what work we are doing, we can do it so as to express ourselves in it—and no artist can do more than that.*

*There is, too, a great relationship between Art and Efficiency, for the latter is only a word to express the ability to produce the maximum effect with the minimum expenditure of time and energy; and is not that ability the hallmark, too, of the artist?*

*There is no surer way to happiness and serenity of mind than to look on everything we do with an artist's eye and to do it with an artist's love of creation.*

# SUSSEX BEAUTY QUEEN LOSES NEARLY 3 STONE

And Wins

# 12 BEAUTY CONTESTS

## "I Do not Know what I Should Have Done Without 'SILF'

## "I am Down to 7st. 4lb. and Feel Much Better"

ONCE again the safe and certain slimming powers of "Silf" are fully attested to by a lady eminently qualified to speak.

Described as a "perfect example of English Feminine Beauty," Miss Esme Bankhead, the pretty Sussex Beauty Queen, to-day reveals her own personal experience of this famous Natural remedy for Obesity. She tells how it helped her to win no less than 12 Beauty Contests.

Every over-fat person, every lady who wishes to attain and preserve that slim, subtle figure which fashion demands must read her tribute—and profit by the advice Miss Bankhead gives. All who are at present ruining their health and looks by recourse to Dangerous and Drastic Slimming Practices such as Excessive Starving, Drugging, Purging, or Violent Exercises should at once cease these perilous Makeshifts and turn immediately to "Silf," which not only reduces Weight but rebuilds Health.

MISS BANKHEAD says: "SILF Brand IS A REALLY SPLENDID TONIC, TOO."

Miss ESME BANKHEAD'S Successes include:—*Acclaimed "Sussex Beauty Queen"; publicly proclaimed "Hove's Prettiest Girl"; elected "Hove Hospital's Birthday Queen"; chosen to be amongst those from whom "The Court of Beauty" at Chicago was composed, etc., etc.*

MISS ESME BANKHEAD, THE SUSSEX BEAUTY QUEEN, AS SHE IS TO-DAY

## HOVE'S PRETTIEST GIRL *writes as follows:—*

22, First Avenue, HOVE, Sussex.

Dear Sirs,—In justice to you I feel I really must write and tell you of my wonderful experience with "Silf." My weight—before I started putting on flesh—was 7st. 9lb. Suddenly I started increasing until I weighed nearly 10st. My health also got very bad, and I was terribly worried and unhappy.

**Now, however, thanks entirely to "Silf," I am down to just my correct weight—7st. 4lb.—and I feel ever so much better in myself.**

I have since won many Beauty Contests—twelve in all—and, as I tell all my friends, "Silf" has been indispensable to me in gaining these successes. **I honestly do not know what I should have done without "Silf," and am only too pleased to acknowledge how much I owe to your splendid preparation.** I wholeheartedly recommend it to all who are burdened by too much flesh.

In closing I really must express my delight at the decided benefit to health which follows the taking of "Silf"—it is, as you say, not only an effective weight reducer, but a really splendid tonic, too!

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) ESME BANKHEAD.

*Another charming pose by Miss Bankhead. Note the "Sylph-Like" Figure admired by all.*

**MONEY BACK OFFER**

WE invite any stout person to purchase a 1/3 box of Silf (Brand) Obesity Tablets from the nearest Chemist, and if not satisfied that Silf will prove beneficial, your money will be refunded by the Silf Co., Ltd., of 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1, under the terms of the undertaking enclosed in every packet.

## REDUCES WEIGHT & REBUILDS HEALTH

It is unnecessary to run the risks which Drastic Slimming practices inevitably entail. It is equally unnecessary to remain Fat! Every person who is burdened by too much flesh—whether it be a few pounds or many STONES—should commence instantly to take "SILF" Brand Obesity Tablets. **"SILF" is Nature's own remedy for Obesity.** Not only does it remove excessive fat in a perfectly natural and absolutely harmless way, but at the same time restores and rebuilds the general health. **Whether the fatness is LOCAL (such as a double chin or thick ankles) or GENERAL to the whole body, "SILF" is equally efficacious.** Whether you have only just begun to put on weight or have been burdened for years, the action of "SILF" is just as wonderful. It dissolves away not only the **Outward** evidences of FAT, but removes also those **Internal** accumulations which stifle the digestive organs, impede the heart and impose their stranglehold upon every fibre of your body. "SILF" makes you SLIM by making you HEALTHY, and will continue to KEEP you Healthy and Slim!

**1/3, 3/- & 5/- per Box**

*From all Chemists and Druggists, or Post Free by sending the price to:*

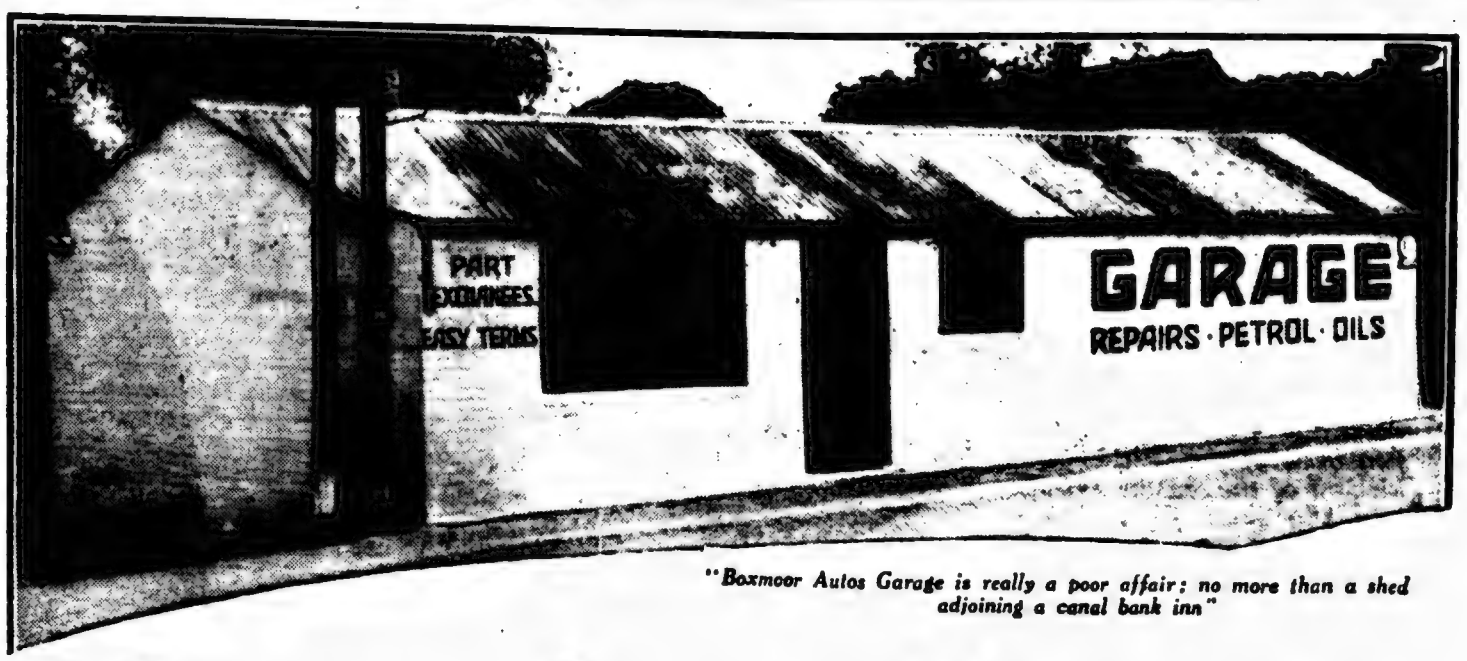
Silf BRAND OBESITY TABLETS

YOU SAVE MONEY BY PURCHASING THE LARGER SIZES.

*To avoid wasting your money on useless imitations, make certain you get SILF Brand Obesity Tablets.*

**THE SILF CO., LTD. (Dept. 46D), 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1**

## Weekly Informations from Major-General Sir WYNDHAM CHILDS




*"Boxmoor Autos Garage is really a poor affair: no more than a shed adjoining a canal bank inn"*

# Impudent Ramp on MOTORISTS

ALTHOUGH motorists in particular will be interested in this weekly information of mine, the facts I have to disclose have a wide general appeal because they illustrate a most impertinent—and apparently quite easy—method of getting something for nothing.

The starting point of the story is a garage with the rather ambitious style of "Boxmoor Autos," owned by a young man of the name of Anderson, and situated in Fishery Road, Boxmoor, that attractive small town in Hertfordshire.

Apparently Anderson found that the regular business of motor agent, as conducted by him, was not too flourishing. So he devised a novel kind of hire service—and a profitable service at that—for it provided him with cars for hire use without the expenditure of capital.

The first move in his scheme is to answer advertisements offering second-hand cars for sale.

Then a communication would be sent to the advertiser from Boxmoor Autos stating that they had a prospective customer for the car if, on trial and inspection, the vehicle proved suitable.

Next a representative of Boxmoor Autos would turn up at the advertiser's house with a cheque as deposit on the selling price of the car.

"We want the car for a short test for our client," the advertiser would be told. "Here is our cheque as a guarantee. I have no doubt that our client will approve the car, and in which case the purchase will be completed immediately, and the balance paid over."

Naturally the advertiser, pleased at the idea of a quick sale in these days when second-hand cars are rather a drug on the market, would let the car go; quite satisfied with the apparent bona fides of Boxmoor Autos.

### Cheques returned

Once, however, the car was at Boxmoor, it was days before the advertiser heard any more about it.

Anderson having secured temporary possession of cars in this way, let them out for hire.

These cars, supposedly "on sale or return," have really been sent on hire to all parts of the country!

Cheques left as deposit by Boxmoor Autos have come back from the bank marked "R.D."

The experience of Mr. A. C. Maguire, of Bow Road, London, E., with Anderson of Boxmoor Autos is typical. Mr. Maguire in all good faith parted with his Austin saloon which he was anxious to sell.

A lapse of two days occurred, and no word came to Mr. Maguire about the car. Consequently he made repeated attempts to get Boxmoor Autos on the telephone, but without success.

Eventually, when he did manage to get a telephone call through, he was informed that the members of the staff of the garage "were out at tea," but that a letter, concerning the transaction, would be posted him that night.

Next day came, but there was no promised letter. Thereupon the owner depatched a peremptory telegram ordering that his car should be returned forthwith.

Still no notice was taken. By now thoroughly alarmed—for the deposit cheque had been dishonoured—Mr. Maguire set out for Boxmoor to see for himself what was happening.

### Hired out

Wisely he went to the local police and laid the whole circumstances before them.

When Anderson was found and interviewed he confessed that Mr. Maguire's car was at Yarmouth. He had hired it out. He admitted then also that he had done the same sort of thing with other cars, but that he always returned them finally with the excuse that the prospective selling deal had fallen through.

In this way he had avoided legal proceedings by his misled clients.

Now, at last, Mr. Maguire had his property back in possession, but he has, of course, lost all chance of making a sale through his advertisement, and his car is considerably the worse for its holiday work in Norfolk. One of the defects it suffers from is a badly burned out clutch.

How many motor owners young Anderson has victimised in this fashion, and how much illicit money he has made by so doing, he alone knows.

But the Hertfordshire police have a whole sheaf of complaints relating to his activities.

His Boxmoor Autos garage is really a poor affair; no more than a shed adjoining a canal bank inn.

At the present time the shed is closed and locked, and the window is pasted with a notice that "the business of this firm is transferred to London Road, Bourne End, while our new premises are being erected."

Whether these new premises will ever materialise is a matter of very reasonable doubt.

The investigations which I have caused to be made show that some retribution has fallen on young Anderson. His motor stock—for what it is worth—has been seized by bailiffs under a Court order and placed for sale with a responsible firm of motor dealers at Hemel Hempstead.

### On your guard!

Meanwhile Anderson has left a trail of debts. He has been in trouble, too, over an offence under the Road Traffic Act. He seems to be a young fellow of no commercial conscience.

It is only right that motorists should be warned against him, for apparently it is his intention to re-embark on his career as a motor agent.

This business of obtaining cars offered for sale through advertisements in the newspapers and motor journals "on approval" and then using them improperly is so easy of achievement that it behoves the public to profit by the lesson contained in this exposure and be on its guard.

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*Homely Wisdom by Canon Campbell, D.D.*

# MUTUAL RESPECT

THERE is a story told of G. F. Watts, the famous artist, which contains a lesson for us all. A great nobleman, with royal blood in his veins, came to Watts' studio to inspect the latter's pictures.

He brought some friends with him, and while they were going round looking at the various works of art which had been displayed for them, the distinguished visitor tweaked Watts by the sleeve and began to chaff him for the amusement of the others, commenting on his painter's smock and making other remarks of a personal character.

To the surprise of everybody present, Watts hotly resented this and ordered the great personage either to cease from taking personal liberties with him or to quit the premises.

He said he did not care how highly placed the offender might be in the world: no position, however exalted, entitled its holder to treat another person rudely or make him an object of ridicule.

It is to the credit of the nobleman thus addressed (who was of ducal rank) that he at once apologised and treated Watts with marked deference afterwards, not on this occasion only, but on subsequent ones. The nobleman had learned a lesson.

A great deal of pain and trouble could be avoided if people were always careful to treat others with respect, not only their equals or social superiors—if there be such a thing—but their inferiors. When I say inferiors I mean those who are so placed as to be more or less at one's mercy—even a child, for instance.

A child can be made to feel his or her self-respect outraged by being treated with contempt. A sensitive nature is not unlikely to feel contempt more deeply than injustice.

I have heard a boy say that he did not mind a thrashing which he did not deserve, but that he did mind very much being sneered and jeered at. The moral harm that is done to a sensitive child by cruel ridicule is not easily undone. You can hardly do a child a greater wrong.

It is wicked to hurt the feelings of anyone who cannot retaliate, be they old or young. A delicate nature may be badly bruised thereby and never quite recover from it; the insulted personality is permanently injured.

Beware of making anyone hate you, even though his hatred has to be bottled up and can find no expression in words or deeds. It is all the worse for being nursed in silence. It festers in the heart, and some day it will find an outlet to your damage.

Be as careful in the home as out of it to pay proper respect to those with whom you have to do. The reason why any well-bred person dislikes over-familiarity from a stranger, or being addressed in a pompous or patronising way, is because he feels himself undervalued.

It is bad manners; and it is just as much bad manners to speak in a slighting way to brother or sister as to a person you have never seen before.

For promoting domestic peace and harmony nothing is more essential than good manners. However intimately you may be associated with another person, never accost him or her in a style that conveys the impression that you think them of no account.

It is said of the late Lord Oxford and Asquith that he would always listen with the same respectful attention to the opinions of the youngest member of an assembly as he would to those of the oldest. I used to see Dr. Paget, Bishop of Oxford, raising his hat to his servants just as he would to the Queen.

If this example and spirit were universal there would be few unhappy homes or broken lives.

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# Postal Puzzle

THE latest person to evince a desire to help strangers to wealth is A. Morvis, of 77, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

A South Wales reader has been favoured with one of this man's circulars and is puzzled to know how his name and address were obtained Still more puzzling is the nature of the invitation which the circular extends.

He is told that "Due to an improvement in the market" certain weekly rates of dividends can be guaranteed.

An investment of £10 will, it is said, yield a weekly dividend of £1. £100 invested would bring in £15 a week.

Our reader is not told what market has so improved as to make such fantastic profits possible. But for his convenience a form is provided on which he can enter the amount he wishes to invest.

"Please write clearly," says the circular. It would be better if A. Morvis would *state clearly* what his game is. Such postal philanthropy leaves us cold.

# CORINTHIAN, *the famous football authority* PREDICTS BIGGER SENSATIONS STILL in—

*Anything may happen between the first kick-off of the season and the final fight for the Cup . . .*

ON Saturday afternoon the leading football teams of England and Wales—those that have cost £50,000 or more of good money and those that are referred to slightingly as "fourpenny ha'penny sides"—will line up for the kick-off of the new season.

What will they do? What big surprises will they supply for their supporters?

Eleven men and a football—it is the biggest gamble in the whole world of sport.

It is certain that one or more of the lowly-placed teams that take the field on Saturday will win unaccountable fame this season, as did Walsall last year, when this almost unknown Midlands team effectively knocked mighty Arsenal out of the English Cup. It is just as certain that some of the most successful teams of last year will this season grind their noses in the dust.

## *The gods decide*

The question that is baffling football managers at the moment is: What teams are doomed, during 1933-34, to upset all the present calculations of the sporting prophets?

These managers are never under any delusions, like the bulk of football spectators. They know from past experience that a team might quite well top the League one year and prove so bad the following season that it will be relegated to a lower division.

And they are well aware that some of the most successful teams in football history have been so thoroughly bad on paper—and one can only judge teams on paper before the season is in its stride—that nobody has been able to explain their success.

In other words, the fate of every leading football club—rich and poor alike—is absolutely in the lap of the gods at the moment.

Whether football executives have paid heavily for new players in the last few weeks, or whether they have decided to leave the destinies of their clubs in the hands of the Old Gang, they know full well it has been a gamble, whatever they have done.

## *Local talent*

They no doubt remember the case of the Wolverhampton Wanderers team of 1908. There was never a greater mystery than that.

The Wolves were somewhat poor, financially, at the time. And because they were unable to buy players—certainly not out of any reasons of local patriotism—they picked a team consisting solely of local men.

There was a riotous outcry, even before the team had been asked to play a match and prove itself. The local newspapers received hundreds of letters of protest.

Every man in that team was a "local," born within fifteen miles of the famous Molineux ground. They included a bricklayer, a cycle assembler, a carpenter's labourer, a parson—several who had to do their regular breadwinning jobs during the week and play football on Saturdays.

Was it any wonder that football attendances were sparse locally when the season opened?

And yet it proved to be one of the most brilliant teams ever gathered together, although for what reason the biggest experts at the game cannot explain to this day.

Soon the side was winning its League engagements steadily, and the people who said they were removing their support returned to the Molineux ground to stare and wonder.

Then the Cup games began, and this despised and slandered side was soon smashing its way through one round after another and beating some of the most brilliant teams in the kingdom.

## *Triumph*

When Wolverhampton knew that its team was to play in the semi-final of the English Cup it simply couldn't believe its own eyes and ears. Yet it won through. It was to meet in the final Newcastle United, then an all-powerful eleven. Newcastle had in its ranks Lawrence in goal, McCracken, Colin Veitch, Peter McWilliam, Jack Rutherford and Jim Howie, probably as brilliant a set as ever appeared together in any except an international team.

As for Wolverhampton, the only claim that any member of its team had to football fame after that season was that its parson-amateur was good as amateurs go, and that another of its men played with an abnormally long, drooping moustache.

There is no disguising that there was a lot of gambling on the result, for if ever there was a gambling certainty, this was it.

And yet the Wolves ran all over their opponents; made them look a second-rate side; left internationals baffled and beaten; and finally ran out easy winners by three goals to one—a 100 per cent. team of locals, chosen for cheapness, who had won the English Cup.

Exceptional? Not at all. Just one of many instances of what a great gamble football is.

Let the Everton team of 1929-30 supply another example—or actually three.

It was an unfortunate team, that Everton eleven. Absolutely nothing would go right with it.

When it began the season everybody predicted that it was going a long way—a safe sort of prophecy, it seemed. Yet when the season was half-way through it was dangerously near the bottom of the First Division, and was sinking rapidly.

Everton went down into the Second Division. It seemed inevitable in the last few weeks. And before the next season came round there was a strong demand for a Clean Sweep, Drastic Change, New Blood, and so on.

The executive, however, decided on a bold stroke, and a not too popular one at that. They knew this team was capable of bigger things, and they said so. And, what is more, they announced that they pinned their faith on this team to take them back to the First Division, a course that was not greeted with universal approval.

And well, this same team did. It not only won the championship of the Second Division, which carried with it promotion to the First Division, but it won its way into the semi-final of the English Cup as well!

Two instances of what a gamble the great winter game is. And here is the third.

## *Justified*

The next year, without any really important alterations being made in the team, Everton won the championship of the First Division, and so only needed to win the English Cup to prove that the disgraced side of two years before was really a world-beating eleven all the time.

The very next year—last season, that is—the team provided the final rebuff to the people who had argued that the side that went down into the Second Division should be broken up. They won the English Cup.

So who would care to predict that Everton will do badly this year?

Half the players who will enjoy the confidence of Everton on Saturday were actually members of that ill-fated team that was relegated to a lower division. There are, in fact, actually three of those so-called "failures" in this year's forward line alone.

An instance of yet another kind: You might think that where a club has paid a prince's ransom for three or four players they can feel reasonably confident of success in the forthcoming season. But don't you believe it.

Think of Arsenal's £40,000 forward line of three or four years back.

That was the sum this London club paid for forwards alone. And so they started the season with a confidence that didn't seem misplaced.

Yet within a few weeks the team was making such a mediocre show that it was obvious that something was wrong—and in the notorious golden forward line at that. And soon the Arsenal had to draw on its reserves to bring into that attacking force the harmony, and therefore efficiency, that it lacked.

There wasn't half the confidence in the club's next manœuvre to get greater efficiency, obviously because it was cheaper, and therefore less spectacular. Yet that move gave us the brilliant Arsenal eleven of last season, and resulted in the team running out easy winners of the championship.

Without making any important alterations of note in what was no more than a reasonably good team, when he made his plans for last season Herbert Chapman decided

*Arsenal t staking e man — A the clu*

# ...ost ...ishing ...BLE ...PORT

*...rsenal took a chance by ...taking everything on one ...an—Alec James—and the chance came off*

*. . . Everton scored at Wembley in the big gamble last year—largely with a team that formerly met with surprising defeats*

to fashion the style of his team round the original tactics of that great little player, Alec James.

That one player alone transformed an ordinary team into a raging success. And this is how it was done.

He arranged to hold the ball for just the length of time it took for his colleagues to get into position to receive it. And, while doing so, he not only contrived to make things easy for his fellow players, but he tempted his opponents into false positions in which they were more or less helpless.

The result? Well, Alec James has scored so few goals for his team that when he does so it is a headline event. Probably he has scored six times for the club—it is hardly more. But if he could be given the credit for every goal he has made dead easy, he would be the champion goal-getter of all time.

The big bid, the bold bid, failed, as it has done so often in first-class football. And the cheaper, more modest and less showy effort proved an overwhelming success.

One can bridge over the Titan football of the midget Walsall team when it trounced Arsenal last January in the Cup, because everyone will remember it. And there have been so many cases of little-known teams suddenly flaming up to beat or embarrass the giants; the Charlton Athletic team of a few years back, for instance.

It was perhaps the magic of one man's influence on an otherwise uninspiring team—Whalley, a centre-halfback from Manchester — that fired them to win a brilliant succession of Cup matches.

No, nobody will be able to say, even when the season is a few weeks' old, that their favourite teams will finish high or low in the tables; that they will be promoted or relegated; that they will win the Cup or be out of the contest in a round or two.

## Beaten on the post

Crowds are always hazarding a guess. They will take the credit of having known what would happen all the time when their teams do something surprising. But they are always being staggered, and the fact that they are is one joy of the game.

They thought they knew, for instance, when a Manchester City team "covered itself with glory," in the language of the enthusiast, during the 1926-27 season.

A splendid team that was, and the disappointment was general when it missed promotion from the Second to the First Division on goal average alone, and by a mere two-hundredth of a goal at that. A team rarely had worse luck than that.

When the next season came round, the supporters of the club naturally argued that such an excellent eleven as that should be left unchanged.

## Lower transfers

Imagine their chagrin, therefore, when the executive of the club decided on a series of drastic changes before the season opened, bringing in three players who were supposed to be not so good as the men they supplanted.

It seemed wrong on paper. But it turned out quite right in practice. For the team at once entered on a winning career that won it the Second Division championship, and so carried it through to the First Division, and in 1930 it won its way through to the semi-final of the English Cup.

The Aston Villa crowd once prophesied total extinction for its team. And nearly everybody agreed.

For think what the management had done.

In the year before the club had won the League championship. In the year before that they had finished third in the First Division and had won the English Cup.

Right up to the end of the previous season the team had played brilliantly. Yet when the executive met just before a new season began they made the tremendous decision to bring in seven new players, the majority of whom had nothing like the reputations of the men they supplanted.

It seemed suicide, and the crowd said so. And when, during the first match, they saw one of the newly-imported players, the centre-forward, John Campbell, as a burly, slow-moving sort of man, they howled their heads off.

Yet that new team proved the finest eleven ever gathered together up to that time. They won both the Cup and the League championship that season, the only time it has been done in getting on for fifty years.

And to John Campbell most of the credit belonged.

## Lion heart

Examined as eleven individuals, they were nothing like as good as the uniformly successful Villa teams of previous years. But as a combination there had been nothing to compare with them.

It needed football genius to enable a manager to know, before ever they had played together, that they were going to be a super-side. And he had to have the courage of a lion to live through those first few weeks of the football season, wondering whether his tremendous experiment was going to succeed, and no doubt feeling at times that he had done wrong.

It is worthy of note that there have been fewer changes between the teams that will line up on Saturday and those of last season than ever before. Clubs have hesitated to make changes to a surprising degree, and whereas there are usually transfer fees of between £7,500 and £10,000 to keep us talking, not one, in this transfer season, has exceeded £3,000.

But don't make the mistake of thinking that because there have been few drastic changes in the teams of last year, last season's League tables can be taken as a fairly good guide as to what will happen this season.

There should, without a doubt, be more sensational surprises this year than ever before, and it is because the leading managers appreciate that fact that—always nervous as to what is going to happen when the season begins—they are more apprehensive now than ever.

## My prophecy

Even Clapton Orient might effect a surprise, and when you remember that they have just succeeded in paying off debts at the demand of the football authorities, have a new manager, played only six of last year's team among the twenty-two who figured in the final test, and may take the field on Saturday with an entirely new eleven, you will see what a problem confronts them.

Yet it may be in the luck of the game that they will triumph over teams that haven't known a single worry or embarrassment during the close season. Such things aren't unknown in football.

If I am expected to venture a prophecy, it shall be a very general one.

Some of the clubs that had plenty of young players, and did badly last season, should do well this, because youngsters usually need a season of team experience before they begin to shine in their proper magnitude.

And some of the clubs that did splendidly, or at least very well, last season, and played a good number of old players, will find themselves struggling hard for points before many months are gone. Managers persist in their efforts to wring a little more brilliance from these old players, but the effects of age, when they do come, come with amazing rapidity.

That, you might say, has always been true of football. But not always to the extent that it is to-day.

## Prepare for shocks

Football is a faster game than it has ever been before. And there is more need, too, for the men who will sink individuality for the team spirit, a tribute you could not always apply to some of the £10,000 stars of the past.

So look out for some unexpected results in the football season that is just beginning.

In days like these, when eleven good men who will make "each for all and all for each" the ideal of their playing tactics should beat any eleven internationals who lack the same team spirit, there are bound to be big surprises.

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# CASTAWAY—*on a*

THE phrase, "A modern Robinson Crusoe," is not altogether unknown, I am aware. At least once every summer it crops up in the newspapers. Unfortunately, most of these civilised castaways turn out to be eccentric hermits or film stars on stunts; figures far removed from the romantic hero that Defoe had in mind.

Here, for a change, is the story of a real Robinson Crusoe, a man who was actually shipwrecked and stranded on a desert island as short a time ago as last year. I happen to know that the story is true, because I was the man in question.

It was only a purely fortuitous chance that prevented this little jaunt of mine from being my last. And, similarly, if my narrative departs in some respects from the Odyssey, that is simply because it is entirely up to date.

If anyone had told me beforehand, for instance, that one could be cast away on a desert island within easy reach of cruising steamers and not many miles from a famous holiday resort, I should have laughed him to scorn.

Until he actually lives through the experience, a man can imagine no desert island nearer than the Pacific, and certainly not one within a four-day journey of England.

Yet—so strange can be the truth—my island was not very far from Madeira and, equally, not far from the Canary Islands. One of the Salvage Group, however, it is avoided by shipping owing to the dangerous rocky reefs that extend in the ocean hereabouts for many miles.

A man could be stranded upon one of these islets indefinitely, perhaps for a lifetime. Had I not been so lucky, I might have been there to this day!

Who would think, too, that an adventure of this sort could befall a holiday-maker engaged on an ordinary summer cruise to the near Mediterranean ports?

So absurd is the possibility that it was the last in my mind when I landed at Madeira in June, 1932, eager to enjoy the beauties of the island during the four days that my ship was docked there.

BUT the potentialities of so small an island are swiftly exhausted, and on the fourth day I determined to pass the time by taking a small sailing-boat around the coast.

Even then, no premonition of danger came to me.

"I wouldn't go too far away if I were you," said the man who hired out boats with a glance at the sky.

"Oh, I'm used to handling the sails!" I replied jauntily, and it must be said that the sunny waters and clear blue sky gave me some excuse for my unconcern.

I made the mistake of mixing up the placid seas of Margate and Blackpool with the unknown element of the Atlantic.

I soon paid for my ignorance. Just after I had rounded the south-west corner of the island, a burst of wind from the north set me running southwards. I did not worry. I had no real need to circumnavigate Madeira, and a voyage into the open would prove equally interesting, I thought.

Perhaps an hour or more passed before I became alarmed. Now the seas were really violent and heavy and the wind blowing a violent gale. To ride against it would be impossible; the mere act of turning the boat round would see me swamped by the heavy seas.

It was a nightmare journey, and as time passed the ocean became more and more turbulent.

Well, you know the end of the tale. It came that night when the storm was still at its height and only the sudden

*"I tumbled on a little way further and sank down panting . . ."*

swell of breakers warned me of land ahead.

I am not sure what happened next. There was a grinding and crashing, and then I was half swimming for it, half staggering and stumbling.

There were slippery rocks and then firm sand. I tumbled on a little way further and sank down presently, panting and sobbing. And I suppose I must have fallen asleep. . . .

The bright sunlight of high day both awoke me gently and at once showed me the terror of my position. The sea was deserted as far as I could see around me, and my boat was strewn on the rocks, a hopeless wreck.

Clearly I was on a small island, with three smaller islets a short distance away. Equally clearly, this was not one of the islands of romantic fiction.

Your book island does not really deserve the name of desert, for it is plentifully supplied with fresh water, fruit, nuts and wild animals. It is always a paradise in miniature. But a short inspection of my domain soon convinced me that I was far from being in the happy plight of the average hero or heroine.

THERE were no wild pigs or goats, no fine palm-trees, and no cranny where a Man Friday could hide. Instead, a desolation of stones, a few stunted trees of the crab-apple sort, some grass, several rocks—in all, about three acres of ground—was my lot. Insects and sea gulls were my only companions.

Every Robinson Crusoe, too, is usually provided with a convenient wreck from which he can draw tea-chests, bedding, tools and no small quantity of food. I had nothing but a penknife, a few coins, a pipe, some tobacco in a waterproof satchel, and some pins in the lapel of my coat.

I remembered during this stocktaking that a packet of two sandwiches had been in a corner of the boat. Hastily, at this thought, I scrambled over the rocks, but to my disappointment no sandwiches were to be seen among the ruined remains. Apparently they had floated out to sea.

And yet that day hunger did not cause me to worry about my predicament. I sat on the highest vantage-point, smoking my pipe till sickness forced me to give it up, feeling quite convinced that a passing vessel would come into sight when I could immediately wave my shirt.

But nothing, nothing at all, appeared on that waste of waves. I ate some crab-apples and fell asleep, and awoke the next morning feeling horribly thirsty.

IT was the thirst which forced me to realise the truth. I was stranded and I might well be stranded for weeks!

My first consideration was that I might be able to dig down to the roots of the trees with my penknife and a suitable stone I had discovered, but two hours spent at this task swiftly made me appreciate its impracticability and made me far more thirsty into the bargain.

Happily, a slight shower that evening at one and the same time saved my tongue and showed me the way to the solution of the problem.

I turned a dented boulder over till the dent was facing uppermost, forming a hollow, and I managed to increase the hollow by breaking some of the stone away. Hey presto, a reservoir!

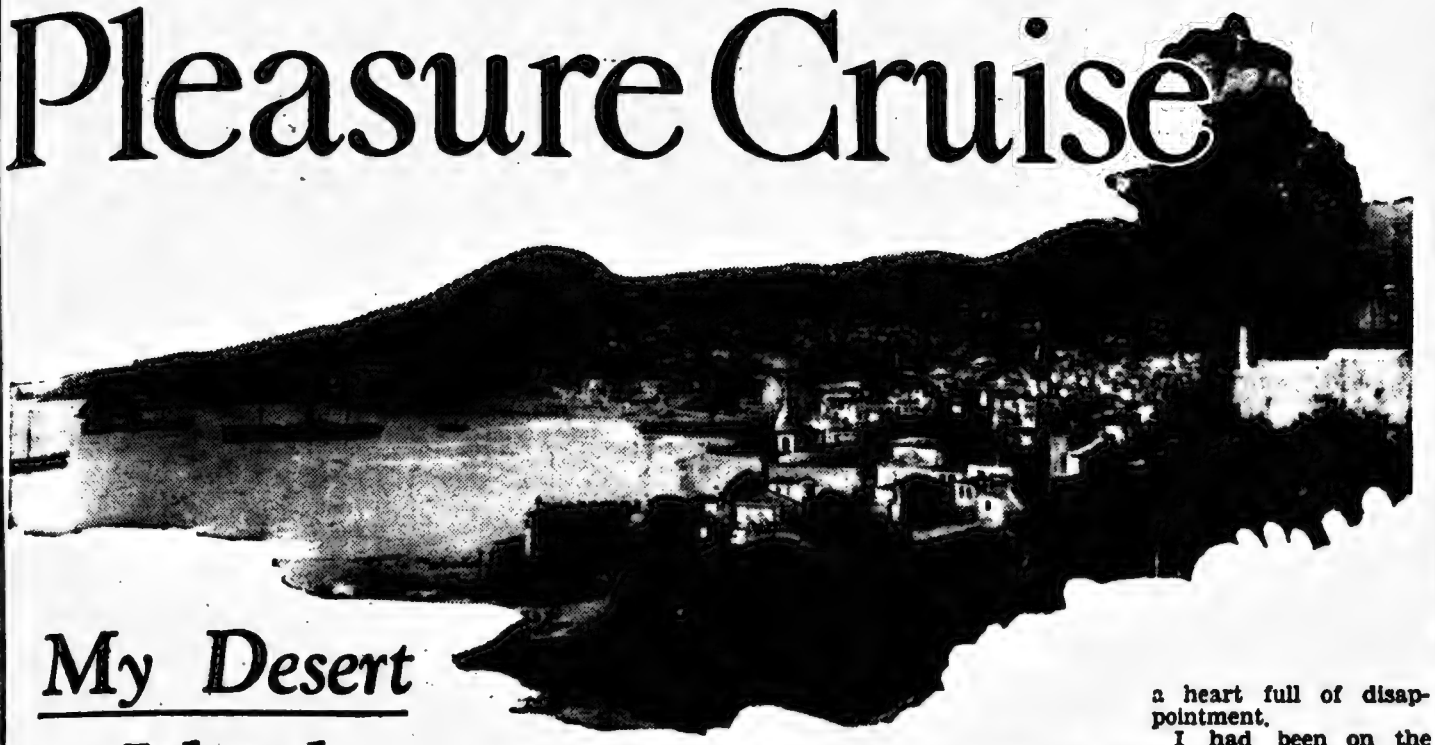
Now fire! Rub two flinty stones together, of course—but my matches were much better. And food! I soon became tired of crab-apples and formed a crude fishing-rod with a branch, a length of thong from my tobacco-pouch and a bent pin, baited with a black beetle.

Angling in this manner, I learned, needed patience—but it worked! And presently I had torn my coat up into strips and formed a primitive net. With a sort of mussel, I laid my trap and waited for birds to enter it.

To do this I had to remain motionless for an hour or more, and then,

"JOHN BULL" Readers' Stories 50

# Pleasure Cruise



*A view of the beautiful island of Madeira, which is close to our reader's "Robinson Crusoe" island*

## My Desert Island Ordeal

when the birds swooped down, I had to cast my net quickly and surely. I failed entirely at this during several preliminary attempts and despaired completely of ever getting roast sea-gull. But everything comes to him who waits.

Behold me in a few days, in fact, the Admirable Crichton and the complete Crusoe! I had a house, a pantry, an oven, crockery, a bed and a beacon.

The house was actually a pit, walled by stones and sheltered by branches, with a drainage trench as a guard against rain. The roof, too, was much more weatherproof than you might think, for my knife had proved amazingly good in stripping bark and splitting wood.

But the pantry, perhaps, was not so good as it sounds, since it consisted merely of a chink in the rocks, sealed with a little pile of pebbles.

Yet if you had seen me dining off gull's breast and cooked fish, with even hot soup to warm me and sweet apples to send it all down smoothly, you would have believed that I had enjoyed the outdoor life through all my days.

My oven was at first a rickety affair, being made only of clay and flat stones, and one day, while I was taking out the joint, it fell into a myriad pieces. But I profited by my errors, and within a few hours a magnificent new cooker, held together by plant fibres, awaited my culinary efforts.

Nor was my table entirely without decoration. I ate with my fingers, true, but I was saved from being entirely savage by the several stones that served as plates and dishes and the shells that made excellent cups, and by my penknife, which was used for practically everything.

BEFORE very long, needless to say, I realised that I should have to conserve my matches, and so whenever flame was needed, I carried it down from the beacon. The beacon was a pile of brushwood which burned day and night at the highest point of the island in the hope that it might be seen by ships.

I had no idea when I began it of the effort it would cost me. All day long I was busy collecting fuel, and even when it was time to dine, I could hardly sit still for fear lest a ship should pass unseen and unsignalled.

Twice during this queer adventure of mine smudges of smoke appeared on the horizon, and I fed the flames till they roared high and then stood beside the blaze shouting myself hoarse and waving my tattered shirt. But my performance must have gone unhonoured and unseen.

Desert islands, incidentally, are commonly supposed to offer opportunity for contemplation, but I can assure readers that this watching, coupled with the ceaseless task of brushwood collecting, offered me little time to think. Perhaps this was a blessing in disguise, for otherwise my anxiety and distress might have been intolerable.

As it was, I saw that my position was serious enough. A great shipping highway could be only a few miles away, and yet I was here as completely cut off as if I were on an island in the middle of the Antarctic Ocean.

Naturally, I had collected as many of the remains of my boat as I could discover, and made many attempts to repair the damage. Before long I had a very passable boat, save for a huge hole in the bottom, and the difficulty of patching this up proved insuperable.

No matter how I experimented, water inevitably percolated through, and I knew that to face the ocean with the very smallest leak would be to court disaster.

I HAD not been on the island for three weeks when I convinced myself that rescue might not come for a year or more. I promptly set to work to make a calendar, clearing a piece of ground and setting down a small stone for every day. After a month had passed I planned to gather these up and replace them by a larger stone to mark the month, and so on *ad infinitum!*

I began to look ahead, too, and thought of winter weather. Decidedly, I should have to build a better house—and I set to work to dig out the foundations straightaway.

It was while engaged on this task that I came across my Man Friday's footstep. A few inches beneath the soil was the broken glass of a bottle.

It was a trivial discovery, and yet it sent my hopes soaring to their zenith. If people had been to the island once they would come again, I reasoned. The very thought sent me dashing to my beacon. Needless to say, I returned with a heart full of disappointment.

I had been on the island for thirty-nine days, all the upright branch poles that were to form part of the interlaced wall of my house were in place, and I was preparing the cross-beams when relief came.

For the past two nights a storm had raged, and on this particular day I surveyed the ocean with little hope in my heart. But I was saved! A little sailing-boat came dancing towards me over the waves.

I leapt up and down with my shirt and roared my head off. My signals were instantly answered by a handkerchief fluttering from the boat. What joy! Gradually the little craft came nearer and nearer, till it beached, and two men stepped out and came towards me.

Goodness knows what they thought as I raced towards them, for my long beard made me look like the Wild Man of Borneo and my emotion compelled me to act like that individual.

They spoke Spanish and could not understand a word of what I said, but by signs I showed them my plight and by signs they indicated that I should return with them after they had completed their work on the island.

They were geologists, I discovered, though what they could find in my ocean sanctuary was something beyond my imagination.

So I was rescued by these strangers and duly dumped down again in Madeira. What a joy it was to bath and change into fresh clothes! And how angry I became the next day when I discovered that I should have to pay for the boat I had wrecked!

Yet, perhaps next year, I plan to return to my desert island. With a friend for company and a store of provisions for security, I intend to finish my house—and enjoy an unusual holiday.

***Next week: A strange but true story of a modern treasure hunt in an old house.***

*The "Greatest of These—" Fund*

## A Delicate Mite

TWO-YEAR-OLD Rose Marie is a delicate mite, just recovered from measles and whooping cough. "She was born with a cough," says her mother, who thinks there is no one so lovely as Rose Marie, the only child by her second husband. She has four by her first.

*Rose Marie*

Both husbands were ex-Service men, and suffered much through the war. Rose Marie's father was discharged suffering from leg wounds and heart trouble. He receives no pension, as he accepted a small gratuity, not realising the hard times he was to face. He has now been out of work many months, and receives 25s. 3d. a week transitional benefit.

But for the fact that their rent is 18s. a week for two rooms, they could manage on the transitional pay and 8s. a week allowed for two of the children aged nine and seven respectively. In order to meet this rent, wedding ring, clothes and bedclothes have all been pawned, and even then there are arrears.

If Rose Marie were not so delicate her mother would gladly go to work to earn a few shillings.

Her happiness would be complete if she could, as she said, "get a lift up to start my husband selling greengrocery, or anything. He is fed up with being out of work."

This is where our readers come in. By sending subscriptions earmarked "Rose Marie," they will be helping a worthy cause.

All donations should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's list will be sent on application.

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# The Busybody who Means Well

*The busybody often acts with the best of intentions . . .*

*. . . but the young people should be left to use their own initiative*

LISTENING in to other people's conversation is not quite "playing the game." But sometimes you can't help it.

The other day in the Tube I heard one man say angrily to another: "What has it got to do with him?" "Nothing," replied the second man. Then came this forceful retort: "Tell him to mind his own business!"

And that is good advice for a great many people.

There are folk who are never happy unless they are interfering.

"But surely you come into this category?" a reader may say. "What is 'Humanist' but one who concerns himself with the troubles of other people?" I agree. But there is this vital distinction. *I am asked for my opinion.*

NOW the tragedy is that many of these folk really mean well. But in their anxiety to be helpful, they often over-step the mark.

My first problem will show how true this is:

"A girl friend of mine, who is twenty-six and much younger than I, recently became engaged to be married," writes a woman correspondent. "I have not yet met the man, but I understand he is twelve years older than she is, is in an excellent post and is considered by those who know him to be a 'jolly good sort.' Everybody says she is lucky to have got him.

"The difficulty, however, is this: Three months ago my friend came to have tea with me and confided that she was not sure whether she really loved the man enough to marry him. I, of course, pointed out what a mistake it would be to marry someone she did not love. Now I have just had a card from her to say the wedding day has been fixed.

"I feel I must do something to save my friend from a life of misery. I have come to the conclusion that it is my plain duty to let the man know the real position—for my friend is one of those sweet girls who would do anything sooner than cause pain to somebody else."

AND the letter ends: "I am sure you will agree that this is the right and sensible course to adopt."

No, I certainly don't agree. Why? for two or three definite reasons.

The first is that it is three months since that girl spoke about her marriage doubts. And even then there was no certainty about it. It was just that she was "not sure." Three months can make a big difference, especially when one is dealing with a "jolly good sort," and probably by now any misgivings have completely disappeared.

Then, again, my correspondent admits that she has never met this man. He might regard it as a gross impertinence for a complete stranger to approach him on a delicate matter of this kind. And rightly so. After all, he is thirty-eight and his girl is twenty-six—they are not children who don't know their own minds.

"But surely you agree that this loveless marriage is a tragedy?" it may be asked. I do. And any legitimate step should be taken to prevent it. In my judgment, the only "legitimate step" in this phase is for my correspondent to have another talk with her friend. She can do this quite easily because she has already been confided in once. I hope she will discover that her friend's doubts are now dispersed. But, if they are not, the only course open to her is to repeat her previous warning. Beyond that, without the consent of this girl, she can do nothing.

And for my second problem let me quote a letter sent to me by a man:

"I have a friend, and he is keen to marry a girl who has already given birth to a child by another man. She is an orphan, and my friend took pity on her and her baby and gave them shelter in his parents' home. He has since become devoted to her, and, as I say, wants to marry her. She, on her side, is willing, but pleads her unworthiness.

"The district in which he lives is a small one, and he feels acutely the nasty gossip of the neighbours, and has come to me for advice. I have a strong suspicion that the girl still loves the first man, and that if he were to appear on the scene again would run off with him, even if she had become the wife of my friend in the meantime. If that should happen it would break his heart, and if he marries her the people who live near will make his life a misery."

My correspondent is obviously not quite sure what to say, and so he is passing on his responsibility to me. Well, I won't shirk it.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS
*Probed by*
PHILIP INMAN

THE first thing to remember is that in giving advice one must never confuse facts with mere suspicions. The facts in this case are that the man and the girl mentioned in the letter are both anxious to marry. But there are certain obstacles in the way. One is that the girl has had a child by another man. The second that gossiping tongues would make their lives a misery.

Then we descend from facts to suspicions. My correspondent says that if the man who betrayed this girl "were to appear on the scene again she would run off with him," presumably leaving her husband in the lurch. What foundation he has for that supposition he doesn't say.

Now we have outlined the problem, let us attempt a solution.

If that man genuinely cares for this girl and she reciprocates that feeling, there is no reason why they should not get married.

Because she has made one slip it does not follow that she is a "bad lot." On the contrary, she seems to be genuinely sorry for what has happened.

With regard to those "gossiping tongues," well, people will talk and you can't stop them. But marriage in this case is the best answer that can be given. The anchorage of a home and a husband means a lot to a girl who has gone through the mill. And I am sure that the one quoted by my correspondent would hesitate a long time before she gave up these to run off with a man who apparently cruelly betrayed her.

And now, thirdly, let me deal with a very common problem. Take this letter:

"In order that our daughter should have a good start in life, we encouraged her to get a scholarship and sent her to the University. Here she has become very friendly with a set of people we detest and is a very lively member of an extreme political party. She seems to have changed entirely—we hardly ever see her and she never takes the slightest notice of any of us and shows no interest in the relations who think such a lot of her.

"Though we have spoken to her in the light of our own experience, she pays no heed—and I'm afraid she will be entirely lost to us in the future. She is over age, but, as she hasn't yet finished her course at the University, we can't tell her to go. She is sensible enough to realise that her University career has entailed sacrifice on our part, though this doesn't seem to influence her conduct in the slightest."

Now, I admire tremendously those who, often at great sacrifice, give their children the best possible education.

But it can't be expected that young men and women who have grown up should see eye to eye with their parents.

Take the political aspect referred to in this letter. Rightly or wrongly, the vote has been given to those who attain the age of twenty-one. It was not given so that young people should adhere blindly to the political convictions of their parents.

I think it likely that the trouble which has arisen in this home is that the daughter is inclined to regard her parents as out of touch with modern life, and they, on their part, look upon her as being violently extreme and changed out of all recognition.

I FEEL that the older people, because of their greater experience of life, should try to exercise a considerable degree of tolerance. I don't mean to suggest that they should surrender completely, but that they should try to refrain from criticism. After all, the youth of these days, with all the evils that surround it, is inclined to look upon its elders with a good deal of scepticism.

"Look at the mess they have made of the world," say the young folk of to-day one to another. But with the passing of the years sense and soberness return. And those parents will come out on top who, during the "wilder" years of their children's lives, exercise patience and understanding.

**Philip Inman is JOHN BULL's "Humanist," and is always ready to help you. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.**

"A really superb gift of which I am very proud." That is how one lady praises her Nestlé's Chocolate gift. In the Nestlé's Gift Book there are hundreds of beautiful valuable, quality gifts—yours to pick and choose from! Shown here are a few of the gifts going *for only* 65 *coupons*—and there are hundreds more to choose from in the new Gift Book. There is a Free Gift Coupon in all the scrumptious wrapped varieties of Nestlé's Chocolate, from the 2d. bars upwards.

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*Serrated edge.*
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*Fitted for Cards, Stamps & Notes. Moiré lined.*
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*9" long. G.243.*
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FIVE COUPONS FREE

To Nestlé's (*Gift Dept.*), Silverthorne Road, Battersea, London, S.W.8.
*Please send me NEW Nestlé's Free Gift Book and Voucher for 5 FREE COUPONS*
32/26.8.33.

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(IN BLOCK CAPITALS)

*Address*.....
*This offer applies only to Gt. Britain and N. Ireland.* *½d. stamp if envelope is unsealed*

***See the difference with FILM removed. Send this coupon!***

Dull teeth mean *teeth covered with a film* — that danger coating which slowly, steadily accumulates, makes teeth yellow and harbours germs of decay. Run your tongue over your teeth and feel film—a slippery, viscous coating.

Ordinary ways of brushing fail to remove film successfully. So dentists urge Pepsodent. With its new polishing material — twice as soft as those commonly in use—the way Pepsodent removes every trace of film stain is revolutionary.

Try Pepsodent. Watch film go. Watch teeth regain their whiteness.

FREE 10 DAY TUBE
SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTH PASTE
Pepsodent
MADE IN ENGLAND

The Pepsodent Co. (Dept. 69) Park Royal Rd., London, N.W.10
Send me free 10-day tube of Pepsodent. I enclose 1½d. in stamps to cover postage

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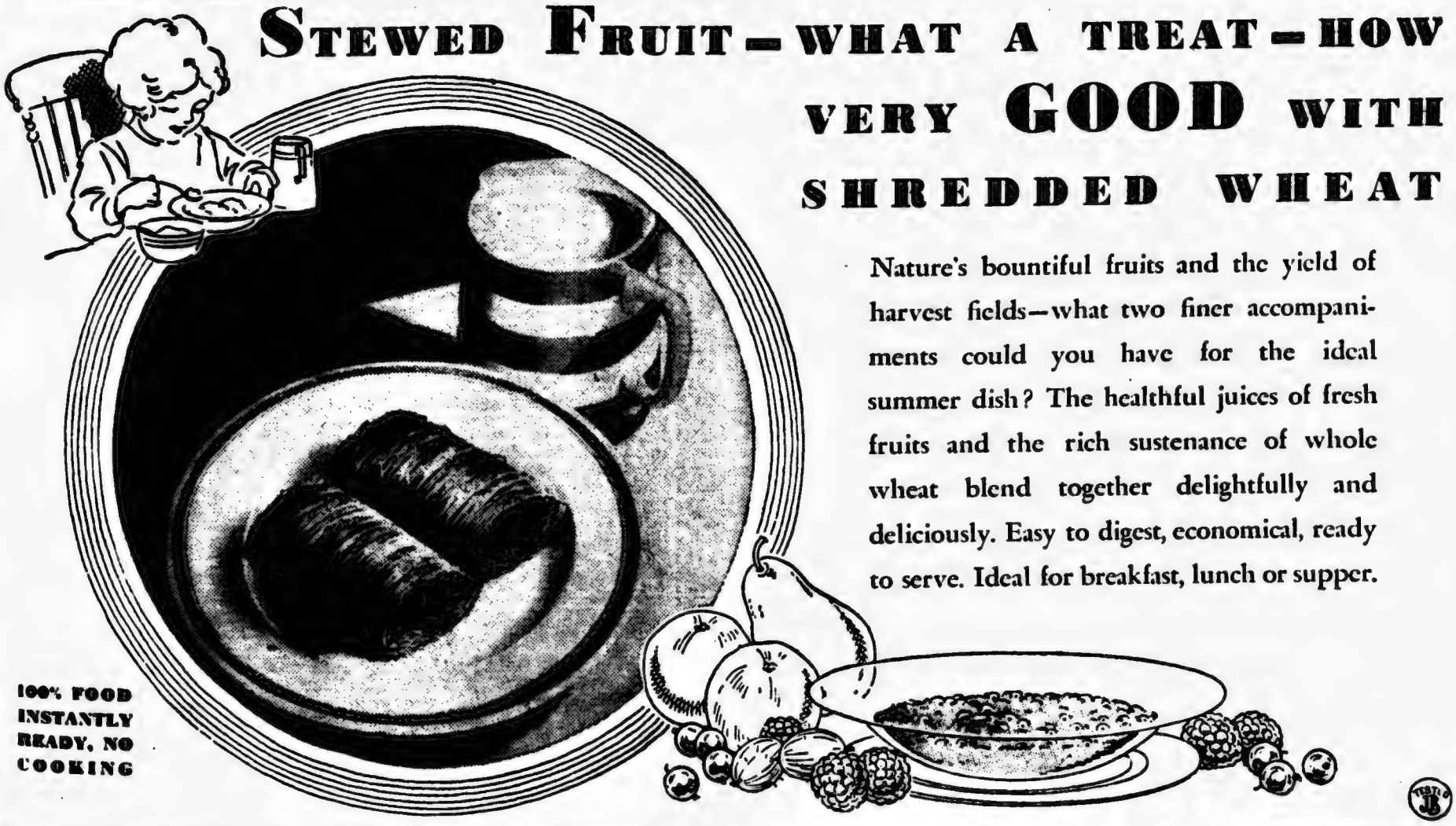
J.H. 26/8

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.
*The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on p. 29.*

# STEWED FRUIT—WHAT A TREAT—HOW VERY GOOD WITH SHREDDED WHEAT



Nature's bountiful fruits and the yield of harvest fields—what two finer accompaniments could you have for the ideal summer dish? The healthful juices of fresh fruits and the rich sustenance of whole wheat blend together delightfully and deliciously. Easy to digest, economical, ready to serve. Ideal for breakfast, lunch or supper.

100% FOOD INSTANTLY READY, NO COOKING

# SHREDDED WHEAT

MADE IN ENGLAND BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO., LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTFORDSHIRE

WHAT MAKES YOUR DOG
LOOK RAGGED
at the end of summer?

THE quality of your dog's coat depends entirely on the purity of his blood, and when it becomes thin and ragged-looking, or falls out, the cause is impure blood.

Your dogs blood is impure now after the constant over-heating he suffered during the summer. (When a dog overheats on warm days blood impurities multiply rapidly). Because his skin is non-porous he cannot get rid of these impurities by perspiring, and he looks to you to provide him with a blood corrective.

**Act NOW.** Give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders which purify and refresh the blood and soon give "bloom" and loveliness to the coat.

Don't fail your dog in this simple duty. Bob Martin's Condition Powders purify the blood and will keep your dog free from the common blood disorders such as **loose coat, listlessness, loss of appetite, continual scratching, sulky temper, eczema** and **swellings between the toes.**

*1/- boxes of 21 powders, and 6d. packets of 9 powders, from dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores.* L.B.10.

BOB MARTIN'S
TASTELESS
CONDITION POWDERS
*Keep dogs fit—ALWAYS*

1933
DESIGN
Free Necklace
in every
1/6 and 2/6 packet of
Radox Bath Salts

259 *different varieties*

A fine quality bead necklace, pendant, collarette or cravat in one of the latest and loveliest designs, is waiting for you at your chemist's — *absolutely Free.* Go and secure it *now.* It will be one of 259 choice varieties which surpass in beauty and *sheer value* all previous years' gift necklaces. To celebrate our 9th Anniversary we are putting one of these stylish necklaces into every 1/6 and 2/6 packet of Radox. The *super* quality necklaces, in the 2/6 packets, include the plaited bead collarettes in the fashionable flat shape. Now is the time to prove that fragrant Radox footbaths remove corns bodily — change tired, burning, aching feet into active, cool, and comfortable ones. Get a 1/6 (ten ounce) or 2/6 (double quantity) packet of Radox from your chemist to-day. Ask for the Birthday packet (green seal on top) with the charming free necklace enclosed.

*One of the 259 varieties of necklaces (1933 design) here shown less than half actual size.*

# 35 Miles of Death to Smugglers

## —EUROPE'S MOST AMAZING WAR

FEW people realise that not many hours' journey from London a war on a miniature scale has been going on for the last ten years.

The scene of action is the borderland where the frontiers of Belgium, Holland and Germany meet at the "Three Land Corner," near Aix-la-Chapelle: a pleasant landscape, freely dotted with well-scrubbed villages and freshly painted farmhouses.

During the daytime a casual visitor to these parts would be unlikely to notice anything unusual, but at night an inferno is let loose.

Continual bursts of rifle fire and the baying of dogs shatter the silence; searchlights pierce the darkness and armoured cars clatter over the streets of the sleeping villages.

The chief cause of the trouble is Eupen Malmedy, a rich agricultural and farming district which is now part of Belgium. It was severed from its natural markets, the great Rhineland towns, by the blunt knife of the Peace Treaties.

In Eupen Malmedy, there is plenty to eat for all. Indeed, while the farmers can sell only a fraction of the abundance of food they produce, they are unable to buy town products except at prohibitive prices.

In the same way the German subject living just over the new border in Dusseldorf, Essen, or Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen), finds a surfeit of wireless sets, watches and suit-cases, an unsatisfying substitute for the bacon, sausages and poultry to be had for next to nothing in Eupen Malmedy.

This already awkward problem is considerably aggravated by certain eccentric and provoking antics performed by the frontier line.

In one place—at Herzogenrath, on the German-Dutch frontier—it cuts a town in half, dooming law-abiding citizens who live on one side of the main street to savour the exquisite odour of the morning coffee of those who live on the other side, while forced on account of their lack of means to put up with second-rate cocoa themselves.

ON the other hand, those who are coffeeless and cannot run to butter on their bread, are the objects of the envious glances of their neighbours who would willingly forgo breakfast altogether to get hold of one of those cheap, excellent German suits.

The main street is seven yards wide, and a German with 13s. in his pocket to spend on food has only to undertake this crossing in order to get 20s. value for his money.

Seven steps, seven shillings saved, and the only drawback to the transaction lies in the fact that in order to regain his native side of the street he must negotiate an invisible frontier line and a visible cordon of guards each armed with a rifle.

The children of Herzogenrath have found a new game. As soon as they come out of school they gather here in little crowds, each with something dutiable stowed away in satchel or pocket, and wait for a propitious moment for dashing across to the other side.

So flourishing has the trade in contraband become that a special smugglers' quarter has sprung up on the Dutch side of the town, where all kinds of goods manufactured especially for the smuggling trade are sold. Merchandise of this description is packed in specially shaped containers to permit of its being stowed away in the minimum of space.

All articles are priced in German money and notices are openly displayed inviting customers to avail themselves of such special services as are characterised in the typical announcement: "Your tobacco pressed here for convenient carrying."

*The driver of a smuggling car wearing — "a cross between a diver's outfit and a suit of armour"*

This means that ordinary 4-ounce packets of tobacco are pressed flat to allow of the insertion of as many as 120 packets into the special "Smugglers' uniforms," which are sold for the purpose.

The local public-houses place at the disposal of their patrons special "dressing rooms" in which those who are about to make the illicit odyssey may at their leisure conceal their purchases in the recesses of their most secret garment.

A large provision firm in a burst of generosity, fanned by the flame of intense local competition, is giving away a bicycle to every purchaser of 50 lb. of coffee, costing 35s. This may have some bearing on the fact that some 4,000 cycles were confiscated by the German customs authorities last year.

BESIDES these open and highly organised attempts to storm the tariff wall, many and ingenious are the efforts made to burrow, so to speak, beneath it.

A typical case is the one of the farmer whose farm stretched over the frontier line itself, whose habit it was to feed his hens upon the cheap grain obtainable on the Belgian side, and who had succeeded in training them to walk across the border and to lay their eggs in Germany.

But the comedy of the day with its smuggling for amusement or excitement, played like a game of skill, becomes the grim tragedy of the night, when the zero hour arrives for those for whom smuggling means a desperate and precarious livelihood.

On a front of thirty-five miles, 1,700 armed guards are posted. They stand at intervals, varying from sixty yards in the open to twenty yards in the woods, accompanied by trained wolfhounds.

With the coming of darkness, thousands of smugglers move to the attack. Some are armed with revolvers. They carry hundredweight sacks full of bread, flour, bacon, meat and sugar, which will command an instant sale.

Bullets are plentiful, as is testified by the numerous wooden crosses which mark the spot where some unfortunate smuggler has ignored a call to "Halt!" and has paid the penalty of his rashness.

Last year sixty thousand arrests were made on this thirty-five-mile sector of the frontier alone.

Practically the whole population is implicated, for unemployment is rife, and boys and girls leaving school with no prospect of work take to smuggling as a profession.

A new and alarming development in this "frontier war" is the arrival of gangsters upon the scene.

The gangster despises the laborious work and small profits to be obtained by smuggling on foot. The armoured car is his speciality, and a smuggler king owning a small fleet of these modern juggernauts soon amasses a fortune.

The lorry which is used for a trip over the frontier appears, while being driven to the scene of action, quite an ordinary and undistinguished lorry. A keen ear would, however, detect the fact that it is fitted with an exceedingly powerful and well-tuned engine. The driver is usually accompanied by several armed gangsters. Just by the border itself they stop, and a lightning transformation takes place.

STEEL plates are fitted to the sides and back, the radiator and over the windscreen. The wheels are covered in completely to prevent bullets puncturing the tyres. The driver himself dons a costume resembling a cross between a diver's outfit and a suit of armour.

The engine is now started, and the lorry, divested of all traces of commercial respectability, roars away towards the border.

No lights are shown, and the driver can only see the road before him through two-inch holes drilled at eye level through the steel plate over the windscreen.

Side lanes, tracks used by the farmers to cross their fields and hilly paths not intended for the use of motor vehicles at all are preferred, when possible, to the main roads.

But the guards are waiting. The alarm is given; sirens scream and warning rockets and starlight bare every detail of the sleeping countryside.

At the frontier station a 220-h.p. super-charged racing car capable of 120 miles per hour is kept in readiness. Four guards snatch up their rifles and jump in, and a chase begins which often continues right into the heart of Germany.

During 1932, some 400 cars and 2,000 motor-cycles which were found to be carrying contraband were confiscated.

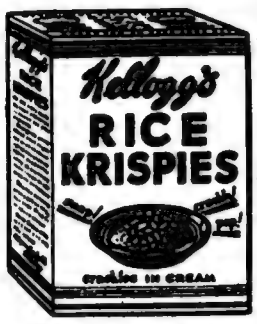
But the loss of an armoured car has no effect on the activities of a big gangster. An armoured lorry costs about £300, and only three or four successful journeys with a load of about 30 cwt. of tobacco per journey are required to cover the initial outlay.

Even the determined efforts of Herr Hitler, who recently sent strong detachments of Nazi storm troops to stop this breach in the tariff wall have been so far unsuccessful.

## He *has* a growing APPETITE

**And how he likes his bowl of Kellogg's Rice Krispies. Bubbles of rice that actually crackle out loud in cold milk or cream.**

**One of the *best* cereals for children and grown-ups too. Nourishing rice in easy-to-digest form. Always oven-fresh. No cooking required. Sold by all grocers in the red-and-green packet.**

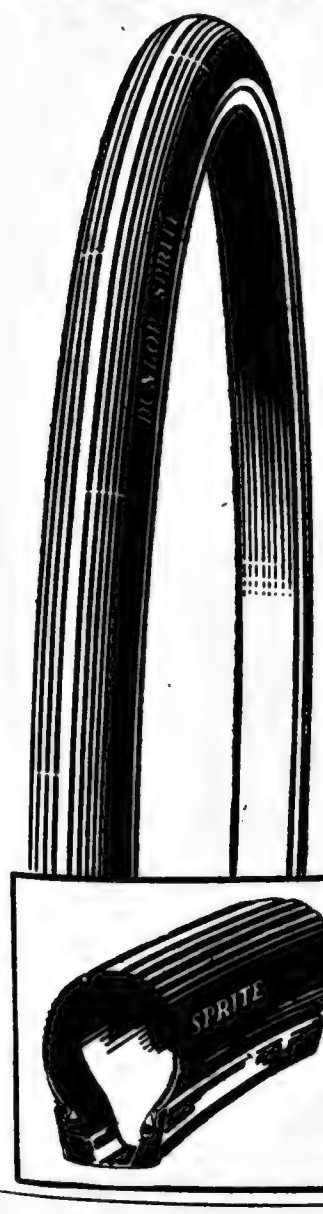


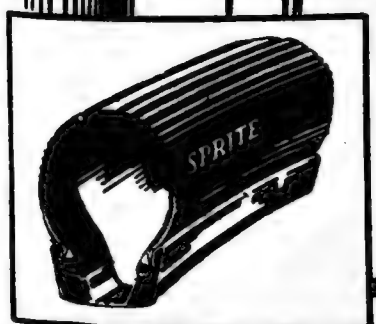

7½d per packet
*Irish Free State excepted*

**Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES**

*Made by* KELLOGG *in* LONDON, CANADA
KELLOGG COMPANY of GREAT BRITAIN, Ltd.
Bush House, London, W.C. 2 S18

# 2¼ OUNCES LIGHTER!




*The*
## DUNLOP
# SPRITE

**is the lightest, fastest and liveliest Cycle Tyre in its Class.**

**It is 2¼ oz. lighter than the next lightest road racing cover in the Dunlop range.**

**"Nimrod" of "Cycling" says:—**
**".....Dunlop Sprite covers are certainly the most lively wired-on covers sold by the Dunlop concern for many years past. The tread is of the ribbed, non-mud-slinging pattern, and the walls are really open-sided. With the 'Sprite', the wheels are given that pleasant 'silky' feeling normally associated with hand-made products."**

Made in two sizes:
26" x 1¾" and 26" x 1¾"

| COVER | TUBE |
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| 7/6 | 3/- |

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LTD.,
Fort Dunlop, Birmingham.
*Branches throughout the World.*
C.F.H.

3H/328

# 'Yes.. you may smoke

# as long as it's Bondman... I love its aroma'

Each ounce of Bondman is packed in 1-oz. Vacuum Tins to ensure its reaching you in perfect condition. Buy an ounce to-day and open it to-morrow—or next month—it doesn't matter when! No heat or damp can spoil its cool, even-smoking qualities.

**11½d PER OZ.**
*RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA*

**10d PER OZ.**
*A BLEND OF COLONIAL & VIRGINIAN TOBACCOS*

LLOYDS
## BONDMAN TOBACCO
SEALED IN 1 OZ. VACUUM TINS

*Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1*

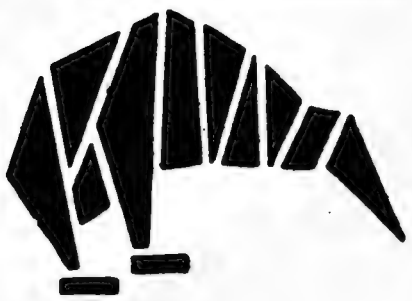
HAPPY
HOLIDAYS
*Yours*
*when*
CONSTIPATION
IS DEFEATED
*this safe, natural and pleasant way*
NOT A TASTE BUT THE MINT!

Feen-a-mint is pleasant to take, natural in action. It causes no pain, no griping. Children love its cool, mint flavour. Take a packet with you on holiday.

Obtainable at all chemists, 1/3 a box.

FREE SAMPLE. Send your name and address and 1½d. in stamps (to cover postage) to:

White's Laboratories Ltd., (Dept. H.3), 15, Bush House, London, W.C.2.



*a bright idea*

KIWI
POLISHES
*—so much the better!*

# A RESCUE *in a Million*

*Captain Carver describes here how a crew of twenty-five were saved after the world believed them dead*

## A Greatest Hour *by* Capt. Carver

***who has been coxswain of many lifeboats, and now instructs the coxswains of the Lifeboat Service.***

FOR nearly three days and nights the world thought the news was: "The British steamer *Hopelyn* has broken up on the dreaded Scroby Sands during terrific storms, and all her brave crew of 25 are lost."

Then, boarding the mere fragment of ship that was still left while the storm still raged, we were able to change the most tragic part of that message to "All Saved."

The hour in which we met, rescuers and rescued, in the sea-washed hole in which these men had been soaked, buffeted, starved and suffered torments of thirst for sixty terrible hours, will count as the greatest hour in my life.

If ever men were snatched from the very jaws of death, those good fellows of the *Hopelyn* most certainly were.

It happened in 1922. I was visiting the Norfolk coast at the time to carry out certain duties for the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

The Scroby Sands, off this coast, have very much the same treacherous characteristics as the Goodwins. And when, one day, the coastguards notified the Gorleston lifeboat that a ship had struck the sands five miles out, the local crew guessed at once that they were in for a hard tussle.

THERE followed scenes familiar to those who have seen our lifeboats launched into wild seas.

I could do nothing to help at that moment, because I was not at Gorleston at the time. I could only keep in touch with the coastguards, and get what details I could of the herculean fight that was being waged out there in the storm.

Terrific seas were running, seas that made it impossible for Gorleston's sailing-type of lifeboat to get alongside the wreck. And although the crew struggled harder and still harder as night approached, darkness fell with them still defeated.

In the pitch blackness, of course, they were worse than useless, and they had to turn home reluctantly. Yet they were out again before the dawn.

But the poor *Hopelyn* broke in half. Hopeless as their task had seemed during the day, when the ship was intact and with no sign of life on her decks, it seemed even worse when the wreck was reduced by the pounding waves to nothing more than a funnel rising from a little tangle of wreckage set in the sands.

Yet it was not until they had been tossed about for hour after hour, studying that fragment of ship intently and striving with might and main to board it or reach it with a line, that the Gorleston lifeboat crew decided that the whole crew of the ill-fated vessel were lost beyond all hope of rescue.

Then, and then only, they turned back sadly towards their station.

While they were actually making their way back to port an extraordinary thing happened. The coastguards, studying this pathetic morsel of ship through their telescopes, noticed a tiny flutter.

Was it a flag? Was it a handkerchief? Perhaps it was nothing more than a tattered piece of cloth.

One thing the coastguards quite rightly decided was that they weren't going to dismiss it as a piece of imagination, anyhow; so they informed me at once.

I HAD arrived in the town while the Gorleston lifeboat was out. And on the strength of this information I at once telephoned the Lowestoft lifeboat station to pick me up at Gorleston.

Do you want to know how quickly lifeboat crews can act?

Well, the Lowestoft motor lifeboat moves along at eight knots an hour. And Lowestoft was just eight knots away. Yet exactly an hour after I telephoned it had picked me up and was bearing me out to what was left of the *Hopelyn*. We met the Gorleston boat coming back. We looked enviously at its coxswain, knowing what a marvellous fund of local knowledge these men have.

He was beaten, tired and buffeted. Would it be fair to ask him to come with us, especially as, in such seas as this, one has to get men from one boat to another by dragging them through the sea at the end of a rope?

But we ventured to ask him, and his eyes lit up. And his "Aye, aye," was just what we expected of him.

At last, the wreck. I could see now that I hadn't appreciated one-tenth of the difficulties the Gorleston boat had encountered.

The seas were mountainous. And what was more, the remains of the *Hopelyn* were surrounded by wreckage that swirled and leapt about, a danger to everything near. And on top of that there was another old wreck almost on top of the new one, an added danger to our movements.

We circled and plunged and rolled, scheming all the time. How could we reach her?

And then we decided that we should try to board her—actually set foot in this tangle that was once a ship.

AT last, after a tremendous struggle, we succeeded in coming alongside.

We trod delicately on the loose and shattered deck-structure and ventured a shout.

Was it imagination, some savage trick of the gale, or did we actually hear a whimper of acknowledgment in reply?

We shouted again, and this time there was no doubt.

And then we pryed into a mere hole and saw something that made our hearts beat quicker.

There, huddled together in a space that would have been uncomfortable for five men, were twenty-five exhausted souls, the whole ship's company of the *Hopelyn*. They were ghastly pale. They were helpless. Their tongues were tortured by the three days without a drink.

They had seen the efforts to save them. They had been aware that efforts to save them might be abandoned, in the belief that there was no life on board.

Yet they were in such a condition that they couldn't have faced the seas that beat over them to give some small sign, some message of life, until that little flutter attracted attention to them.

"All saved!"

How happy we were to give that message on our return, at the end of that wonderful hour that must surely be the greatest in the life of every man concerned, rescuer and rescued alike.

## SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened.

BOLTON JOURNAL AND GUARDIAN:—"The death has cast a GLOOM over the district."

WALLASEY NEWS:—"Most of the vehicles about ATE perambulators."

WELSH GAZETTE:—"P.C. —— was near the TOWN CLERK when he heard the sound of glass smashing."

SOUTH WALES ECHO:—"The Channel had become enveloped in one of the thickest clouds of FIG of the year."

NORTH-WESTERN DAILY MAIL:—"A large party of RABBITS with members of their congregations."

WIGAN EXAMINER:—"Finally came to rest at the sides of the stage, revealing a SCENT of great splendour."

BRIXTON FREE PRESS:—"This will remove stains even if they are several days old, and WILL damage the linen."

DAILY DESPATCH:—"The latter came on from Hamilton, where he was EATEN in an amateur riders' race."

YORKSHIRE EVENING PRESS:—"She returned to the bedroom, STRUCK a cigarette and asked for a cup of tea."

# Remarkable HEALTH OFFER Backed by GUARANTEE

*Mr. Allan Cooper, the discoverer of the way to banish Catarrh, Head Noises, Hay Fever, Catarrhal Deafness, Colds, Coughs, Headaches and Dizziness, whose Outstanding Offer of Free Information and Guarantee of Success or No Cost Forms one of the Most Remarkable Offers Ever Publicly Made.*

# *I Will End Your* CATARRH HEAD NOISES HAY FEVER CATARRHAL DEAFNESS

## *or It Shall not Cost You* 1D.

HAVING DONE THIS FOR MYSELF AND MORE THAN 100,000 OTHER SUFFERERS INCLUDING MANY "JOHN BULL" READERS, I CAN CERTAINLY DO THE SAME FOR YOU.

## *Write to Me to-day on Form Below and I will tell you what to do* FREE

I WAS a terrible sufferer from Catarrh for several years and tried everything I could hear about, sometimes without any success, sometimes obtaining a little temporary relief. The real banishment of my trouble, however, always seemed as far away as ever.

At length I started seriously experimenting for myself and whether by skill or good luck I will not attempt to say: but I did definitely rid myself of this trying, unpleasant and persistent ailment.

### *Complete Relief from Most Difficult-to-Dislodge Complaint*

Since then I have devoted all my energies to passing on to others in like plight the good news of how they can once and for all be rid of Catarrh, Head Noises, Catarrhal Deafness, Headaches, Indigestion and Dizziness, and thousands have written me their grateful thanks.

I make no charge whatever for the information I send to sufferers. If they follow my advice the cost is quite small and the method so successful that I am able to say to everyone who writes to me that **I will guarantee to rid them of their Catarrh or it shall not cost them one penny.**

In these circumstances I have no hesitation in advising every sufferer from Catarrh, Head Noises, Hay Fever, Deafness, Headaches, Heartburn, Indigestion, Flatulence, Dizziness, Colds or Coughs to write to me on the form on the right, for it will surely mean relief and final freedom from this difficult-to-dislodge complaint.

The information I shall send you free explains how Nasal Catarrh originates—how nostril and mouth breathing is affected. How the germs invade the organs of hearing. Why Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn and Constipation so frequently follow this already distressing trouble. And—most important of all—I shall show you how you can surely, speedily and without inconvenience end your Catarrhal trouble once and for all.

At this season one should feel fresh, active, alive and vigorous. If you suffer from Catarrh it is impossible to feel this exuberance, but this is the time of the year best suited to tackle this annoying and unpleasant condition. Catarrh readily responds in the warmer weather to the simple treatment I will explain to you.

Write now on the convenient coupon provided. There is nothing to pay—nothing to promise.

You may if you wish send a 1½d. stamp to cover postage of my reply, but even this is not essential.

ALLAN COOPER.

### *Read these Reports from Men and Women Restored to Health by My Method.*

**"All Trace of Catarrh has gone."**

"I am on the last of my treatment and am pleased to say that I do not require another course as I can honestly say that all trace of Catarrh has gone. I am feeling much better in my general health and can now sleep better and feel rested when I awake in the morning. I can breathe more freely and my head pains have gone, also my hearing has improved. I thank you for all your kind attention and interest in my case. I shall certainly recommend your treatment whenever the opportunity arises. Once again thanking you for what you have done for me. You are at liberty to make what use you like of this letter."

(*Signed*) H. DARKE.

**"Yours Is a Genuine Cure for Catarrh."**

"It is with the greatest of pleasure I write you this letter. I cannot thank you sufficiently for all the good your course of Catarrh Cure has done for me. It was a very lucky day for me when I answered your advertisement in *John Bull*. Yours is a *genuine cure* for Catarrh. From living day by day in misery with headaches, colds, and a nose that was practically closed, I have now gone back to what I was 12 years ago—'full of life and enjoying every day of it.' You have my full authority to refer anyone who has the least doubt about your Catarrh Cure to me."

(*Signed*) J. R. LIVINGSTON.

**"I am at last Cured of Catarrh."**

"Having nearly completed your course of treatment, I am at last cured of Catarrh. I have no headaches now, no dropping of phlegm at the back of my throat, and I feel better in health in every way since taking your treatment. I am recommending your treatment to all I know that are troubled with the same complaint. Again thanking you very much."

(*Signed*) E. WILLIAMSON.

## SIGN and POST THIS COUPON

**Mr. ALLAN COOPER, 33, Strand, London, W.C.2.**

Without obligation, kindly tell me how I can permanently rid myself of Catarrh.

*NAME*.....

*ADDRESS*.....

.....

(*Please print in block letters.*) *John Bull*, 26/8/33

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Home brewing needs no skill if you use Nobby's Barley Malt and Hops. You add water, let it ferment and it is ready for bottling. Its clear, golden-brown sparkle, rich body and foaming top tell you that it is no soft drink. Its nutty, healthful flavour is what you expect when you sit down to a drink.

**You can make Beer or Stout.**

Nobby's is supplied in two varieties; Light for making ale and Dark for making stout. Nobby's saves money. The 6d. tin makes 6 pints; the 1/- tin makes 12 pints; and for 2/6 you get 32 pints. A 7 lb. tin makes 112 pints.

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*Ask your chemist, grocer or stores for*

NOBBY'S BARLEY MALT AND HOPS

NOBBY'S PRODUCTS LTD

*4 Cannon St., Manchester*

How NEW WHITE SKIN Changes Luck—in 3 days

When my skin was dark, coarse and ugly; with enlarged pores and blackheads, I had no admirers and was never invited out. But the use of a simple recipe gave me a new white skin and completely changed my luck in only 3 days. From having no suitors, I now have three offers of marriage. Any woman can easily whiten, soften and beautify her skin by the daily use of the new Crème Tokalon, White Colour (non-greasy). This now contains pre-digested dairy cream and olive oil combined with whitening, tonic and astringent ingredients. It instantly penetrates, soothes irritated skin glands, tightens enlarged pores, dissolves blackheads so that they fall away, whitens and softens darkest roughest skin. Crème Tokalon Skinfood (White Colour) gives indescribable new skin beauty and freshness in 3 days—such as can be obtained in no other way. It should be used every morning.

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T.A.C. is medically recommended. One touch kills pain—ends irritation—stops bleeding. Instant relief certain. Perfect ease and comfort immediately. Nothing equals T.A.C. Why continue your agony? Send 1/- P.O for Sample, with descriptive leaflet, or 5/- P.O (on Satisfaction or Money Back Guarantee) to

The T.A.C. CO., 14, Finsbury Court, Finsbury Pavement London, E.C.2.

T·A·C OINTMENT

# Shameless Hospital Parasites

## by A Hospital Superintendent

OUR hospitals are the recipients of a generosity that in many cases is sacrificial; and, at the same time, the victims of a greed and selfishness that knows no limit.

There are over nine hundred voluntary hospitals in this country, and it costs something like £12,000,000 a year to maintain them. Every penny of that vast sum comes from the free-will offerings of the public.

But, while the gifts of the wealthy may cost the donors little in sacrifice, the offerings of the poor often represent blood-money.

Many a time I feel a lump in my throat when the morning letters are opened. Only to-day there was a soiled little envelope, with paper that did not match, and a 5s. postal order folded up very small and tight. It came from a widow who had slaved for a day at the washing-tub to send it to us.

One of my recent callers was an unemployed porter. He told me that while in work he had given 3d. a week to the hospital fund. Then he said: "Though I can't really afford it, I would like to continue by bringing it here."

NOW it might be thought that money obtained in this way would be jealously guarded. It ought to be used for that one purpose for which it is subscribed. But is it?

The first duty of every hospital is to give medical and surgical treatment to those who cannot afford a doctor's private fees. But what do we find to-day?

There are people occupying hospital beds who have no right whatever to be there. They are usurping the place which rightly belongs to others, and though hospitals have adopted what is known as the Almoner system to prevent their services from being abused, yet there are some who find their way into the ward by false pretences.

Not long ago a railway official earning a thousand a year came for treatment to the hospital. He lied about his position in life in order to gain admission. He borrowed the uniform of a subordinate to lend colour to his story.

Only the other day I had a letter which referred to one of our patients. "She has no business to come to you," it said. "She owns a row of houses."

Enquiries were made, and that statement was confirmed. Yet the patient had told the almoner that her income was £1 a week. It must have been at least twenty times that amount.

How galling to feel that sacrificial offerings, like that of the poor widow, should be used to pay for the treatment of such people!

There is another kind of parasite. They are known in hospital circles as "wanderers." Like birds of passage, they move from one institution to another. They take up the doctors' time, they undergo some costly treatment, like an X-ray examination, and, even though all the results prove negative, they go away dissatisfied.

One man, when taxed, admitted that in five months he had been a patient at no fewer than fourteen London institutions. And there was absolutely nothing wrong with him.

*Splendid work is done by the hospitals for the road victims. Something must be done for the hospitals in return*

THE disappointment of many a hospital is the injured motorist. And there is little excuse for him. Under the Road Traffic Act, every motorist is now insured against third-party risks. When an accident occurs, part of the compensation received should surely be used to pay for the treatment of injuries.

But what often happens? Well, let a well-known northern hospital answer that question.

The authorities there kept a strict record over a definite period. They found that £1,200 was spent during that time in caring for people who had smashed themselves up in their own motor-cars, and only £50 was received from them for their treatment. The difference had to be made up from private subscriptions to the hospital.

And that is not the only evil. Hospitals all over the country are short of accommodation. People who ought to be admitted for urgent operations are denied a bed. Why? Because, as often as not, it has been taken up by an injured motorist.

Injured motorists who do not pay for their treatment in hospital are not only absorbing funds subscribed for other purposes, but are utilising hospital accommodation which belongs to the genuine hospital patient.

WHAT can be done to remedy these evils?

First, hospitals ought to be allowed to send an account to the insurance companies for services rendered to their insured. It would be a simple matter, for a small consideration, to insert a clause in the policy in order that hospitals may be safeguarded in this way.

Secondly, a special hospital fund might be inaugurated, to be supported solely by motor users.

It would even be something if the driving licence were increased from five to ten shillings a year, and the difference given to the hospitals.

In this way additional beds would be reserved exclusively for motorists when they are injured.

Our hospitals are constantly crying out for funds. No wonder, when much of their income is expended on parasites!

*Race with "Silver Ring"*

# Some "Yorkers"

THE handicapper has treated Guiscard generously in the "Ebor" at York. I expected Lord Derby's gelding to receive 8 st. 4 lb. at least, and he has been let in with 6 lb. less.

Dick Turpin, 7 st. 11 lb., reads as the danger to the Stanley House stayer.

Racing in the Cathedral City dates back centuries. Running through some ancient records recently, I observed that Queen Anne won a plate worth the noble sum of £14 a few days before she died.

The Gimcrack Stakes is decided the day after the Ebor Handicap. This year the race may be won by Borrow or Shepherd's Warning.

Gimcrack was a wonder horse, but why Yorkshire sportsmen should have chosen this South-country performer, bred by a Hampshire man to give a name to a race is difficult to understand. Perhaps, however, they admired the animal's grit.

Gimcrack won twenty-seven of the thirty-five races in which he took part, a large number of them over four miles. Toward the end of his career the champion was bought by a Frenchman, who took him across the Channel and won a vast sum in bets in freak contests. One of his wagers was that Gimcrack would gallop twenty miles within an hour. The little horse accomplished the task and was not unduly distressed.

The Second Summer Meeting at Lewes will be staged this week-end, and one or two horses appear to have outstanding chances.

Careful Sailor, engaged in the August Handicap, may be one of the best bets. Hevusina should be noted for the Club Welter Handicap, and Tolstoi for the Apprentices' Plate.

### "SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 24, to Wednesday, August 30.

P U X Z R 98 T F O A Q C 93 B 94 M

V Y 97 L W N 96 G S K H J I 95 E D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95Y98JQ would read BUNCH.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

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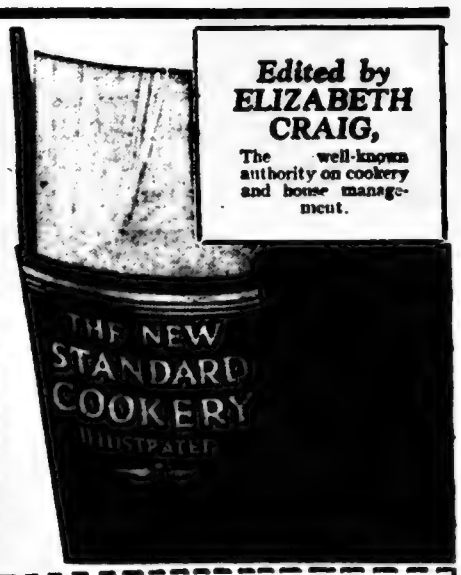


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ADDRESS.....

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DATE..... P.O. No..... Amount.....

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"John Bull," 26/8/33.

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Every doctor knows Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. All over the country they are finding it cure digestive troubles which have baffled all their previous efforts. Cases of gastric and duodenal ulcers, which even operations could not relieve, are being cured by this wonderful powder. All the leading hospitals are using the formula. It's simply marvellous.

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But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder or Tablets under that exact name, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

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# I Prefer *for a* Holiday..

## The Countryside—

HAVING occasionally indulged in a seaside holiday, and been rewarded by a sensation of complete boredom, I unhesitatingly declare in favour of the country.

The music of the tinkling stream winding its way through whispering woodland.

The grandeur of the purple-clad moor.

The stroll along the leafy lane, and the luxuriant laze in the fragrant dell.

And, when shadows lengthen, the romantic atmosphere of country taverns.

These give the enjoyment which the blatant mechanical contrivances of the so-called pleasure beach fail to provide.—*"Pretty Flowers," Holmfirth.*

### Solitude

"Familiarity breeds contempt." That is why I prefer a country holiday.

Watch the sea all day, winter and summer, in sunshine and lashing gale, and you will quickly tire of its noisy grandeur.

Give me, in its place, a week of solitude, twenty miles from anywhere. A heathery hill, half-wooded, where owls and pheasants sail out in the dusk, and where rabbits show their white suits by moonlight.

Give me, too, a sunny morning with the mist rising in the valley, when the sheep look at you, startled, in the dewy grass.

How can the sea compare with these?—*E. N. L., Wexford.*

### God's Garden

As an old sailor I am fond of the lonely seas; and I love not the crowded seaside resorts.

My ideal holiday is one spent in Kent, tramping the quiet by-ways, far from traffic on the main roads to the coast.

The Medway Valley is most beautiful, especially between Maidstone and Tonbridge, where one still finds rural lanes, and in the autumn, Kent, with its ripening hops and the lovely colouring of the woods and hedgerows, is part of God's garden.—*W. G. S., Plumstead.*

### Just Fun-Fairs

Only in the country can you spend a holiday freely and do just as you like.

At most seaside resorts you have to conform with the latest fashions, and do just as everyone else does.

The efforts of "go-ahead" seaside towns to please their visitors have resulted in the places becoming simply glorified fun-fairs

For a really recreative holiday give me the countryside every time.—*S. H., London, E.1.*

### Heaven . . .

Last year I stayed for a fortnight in Dorset, and in the gloomy depths of its woodlands I thought I was in Heaven.

Instead of the coarse voices of seaside trippers was the cooing of the wood-pigeon; my eyes were soothed by miracles in the shape of fragile violets that bloomed on every side.

With my feet sinking into a carpet of moss, I sniffed the sweet air with relish, and thought of my brother at Southend.

I laughed aloud.—*F. G., Hove.*

### No Comparison

What is more wonderful than to visit the glorious hilly country of Old England? To be able to gaze around over the open spaces, and to marvel at the loveliness of our homeland.

The quaint old farmhouses, wonderful dales and pastures cannot be compared with the bustle of the seaside towns.

I am sure that a tour of our countryside, by either our Colonial or Continental friends, would convince them of the beauties of which we English are so proud to boast.—*A. F., Manchester.*

* * *

A sojourn among people who have graduated in Nature's school revives spiritual teachings which have become dimmed during the previous twelve months' bustle.—*J. S., Northumberland.*

* * *

The cackling of geese, the lowing of cattle, and the hum of bees. A garden bedecked with homely flowers and bordered with hedgerows. Here I spend my ideal holiday.—*H. J. R., London, S.W.1.*

## The Seaside—

A SHORTHAND-TYPIST working in a busy motor manufacturer's office, it is with intense joy I look forward to a seaside holiday.

To my mind there is nothing so wonderfully exhilarating as the sea air, especially early in the morning, and I always enjoy listening to the lapping of the waves and watching the antics of the sea-gulls.

I feel, too, that there is such a carefree spirit at the seaside. Everyone seems to have forgotten their perplexities, and just revel in all the delights of the sea, determined to make the most of their holiday.—*Miss N., near Birmingham.*

### Seafarers

My grandad was the skipper of a sailing ship. Dad never came back from a voyage, and no wreath marks his resting place on the North Sea bed.

Two brothers are now Junior Officers in the Merchant Service.

That's why I spend my holidays at the seaside, and dream precious hours away looking on the vast alluring expanse of waters, and wishing I hadn't been born a girl.—*Miss F., Sherwood.*

### Glamour

I can see cows every week being driven through the streets of the town; hens and ducks—no need to go past my own allotment; flowers, grass, aye, and weeds—I grow them myself!

That's why, as August comes round, I say to my wife, "We'll away to the seaside again for one last fling."

For, as we are both nearing seventy, there's no telling if we shall again sample the noise and bustle, the glamour of the sea as God made it, and the interest of the beach as man has improved it.—*T. O. M., Sunderland.*

### Friendliness

The sea draws and attracts me—I am fascinated by it. The wonder of it. Its great vastness, its power and mystery. Even now I can live that holiday over again.

It was a lovely spot on the South Coast—the greenest of trees, seats everywhere—golden sands—white tents dotted here and there.

The gentle lap of the sea—the hum of voices, the laughter of little children—faint strains of music.

There was friendliness in the very air. How I loved it, and now I am living it all over again.—*A. W., Newcastle.*

### Mystery, Romance

All the year round I can enjoy the country in my garden. I have flowers and trees and birds, but, I have no sea. So for holidays it's the seaside for me.

Besides, there is something mysterious about the sea. It fascinates me and holds me spellbound.

There is romance, too, and not the least is the romantic story of how our country has built up her prestige through conquering this sea that protectively washes our shores.—*R. D. W., Bristol.*

* * *

The country, beautiful and peaceful though it is, lacks the invigorating ozone given by the seaside, and the pleasant bustle and activity afforded by town life.—*H. S., Hove.*

Give me swimming, rowing, sunbathing and—hunting for crabs!—*Ocean, Edinburgh.*

## OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts" Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Tuesday, August 29.

### The Busybody I Hate Most

# EXPERT SOCCER FORECASTS

## Selections for August 26

**FIRST DIVISION.**

(1) NEWCASTLE v. Portsmouth.
(2) Wolverhampton v. Liverpool.
**(3) ARSENAL v Birmingham.
(4) EVERTON v. W. B. Albion.
**(5) ASTON VILLA v. Leicester.
(6) BLACKBURN v. Leeds U.
(7) HUDDERSFIELD v. Sunderland.
(8) MANCHESTER C. v. Sheffield Wed.
(9) Middlesbrough v. Derby.
(10) SHEFFIELD U. v. Tottenham.
(11) Stoke City v. CHELSEA.

**SECOND DIVISION.**

*(1) FULHAM v. Port Vale.
(2) LINCOLN v. Millwall.
(3) WEST HAM v. Bolton.
(4) Blackpool v. PRESTON.
(5) BRADFORD v. Oldham.
(6) BURY v. Swansea.
(7) GRIMSBY v. Burnley.
(8) HULL v. Notts County.
**(9) FOREST v. Brentford.
(10) Plymouth v. Manchester U.
(11) SOUTHAMPTON v. Bradford C.

**SOUTHERN SECTION.**

(1) READING v. Exeter.
*(2) NORWICH v. Clapton Orient.
(3) WATFORD v. Cardiff.
(4) Bristo C. v. BRISTOL R.
*(5) CHARLTON v. Boscombe.
(6) COVENTRY v. Gillingham.
(7) Northampton v. LUTON.
(8) Newport v. Swindon.
(9) Q. P. RANGERS v. Brighton.
(10) SOUTHEND v. C. Palace.
(11) TORQUAY v. Aldershot.

**NORTHERN SECTION.**

(1) YORK CITY v. Walsall.
*(2) DONCASTER v. N. Brighton.
(3) Carlisle v. Halifax.
(4) Barnsley v. WREXHAM.
(5) BARROW v. Crewe.
**(6) CHESTER v. Rotherham.
(7) MANSFIELD v. Hartlepools.
(8) ROCHDALE v. Darlington.
*(9) STOCKPORT v. Accrington.
(10) Tranmere v. Southport.
(11) CHESTERFIELD v. Gateshead.

**SCOTTISH LEAGUE.**

*(1) HEARTS v. Third Lanark.
(2) Q. of South v. MOTHERWELL.
(3) St. Johnstone v. St. Mirren.
**(4) ABERDEEN v. Partick.
(5) CLYDE v. Ayr United.
*(6) FALKIRK v Dundee.
(7) HAMILTON v. Hibernians.
(8) KILMARNOCK v. Celtic.
(9) Q. PARK v. Airdrie.
**(10) RANGERS v. Cowdenbeath.

### SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—3 (H); Div II.—9 (H); Southern Section—2 (H); Northern Section—6 (H); Scottish League—2 (A) would indicate Arsenal, Forest, Norwich, Chester and Motherwell.

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**—ULCERS**

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**—BAD LEG**

*"For the last 23 years I have suffered with a BAD LEG. I have tried EVERY KIND of treatment, but all have failed. Then I started using your wonderful Ointment, and now I am thankful to say it is completely healed."—MRS. L. THOMAS, BERKS.*

## Get Instant Lasting Relief—NOW!

—with **Germolene** Brand **ASEPTIC Ointment**

The very first touch of cool ASEPTIC Germolene drives away maddening ITCH . . . agonising PAIN . . . as if by magic! And that's not all. Germs and Poisons that make skin trouble as Dangerous as it is painful are gently *cleansed* away—not *burned* out—and Germolene's skin-and-tissue building properties bring healing in record time.

**—Why go on suffering?**
**—Why go on spending £ £ £ on expensive treatments and out-of-date remedies?**
**—Why not get Relief NOW—by spending 1/3 on Germolene Ointment?**

Germolene Ointment cannot fail to bring Relief. Every claim we make has been proved time and time again by the hundreds of unsolicited letters that pour in day after day from delighted Germolene users. Don't hesitate any longer. Get YOUR tin—TO-DAY!

*All Chemists*

**Germolene** Brand **ASEPTIC OINTMENT—1/3 & 3/-**

**Germolene MEDICATED Toilet Soap**

Skin Beauty depends upon Skin HEALTH. Germolene Medicated Toilet Soap, charged with Germolene Ointment's unique soothing and healing properties, not only tones and cleanses the skin but keeps it free from unsightly blemishes. Try a tablet to-day.

**6D.** *Per Tablet*

**from CUTS, BURNS, RASH, SCALDS, ECZEMA, ULCERS, BAD LEGS, PSORIASIS, IMPETIGO, PILES, SORES, ACHE, Etc.**

# "JOHN BULL'S" GREATLY INCREASED NEW CROSSWORD OFFER!

FINE NEW THREE-IN-ONE FIRST PRIZE

**25/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE** and **£250** and **£25 BIRTHDAY CHEQUE YEARLY FOR LIFE**

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £600

BIG EXTRA PRIZE OF A 'PYE'

**27GN RADIO GRAMOPHONE**

FOR FIRST PRIZE-WINNER IF CHIEF AWARD IS WON OUTRIGHT. SHOULD FIRST PRIZE BE SHARED, RADIO GRAMOPHONE WILL BE WON BY SHARER WHOSE SOLUTION ADJOINING WINNING SQUARE IS NEAREST CORRECT..

**£100** BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP

**£100** EXTRA BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO 6d ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

**SEASON TICKET BONUS** FOR ALL WINNERS REGISTERED FOR JOHN BULL'S FREE WEEKLY 'CROSSWORD GAZETTE' BY CLOSING DATE . . PROVIDING SO FREE ENTRY FORMS USE 'BULLETIN' REGISTRATION COUPON ON BULLETIN PAGE **£2**

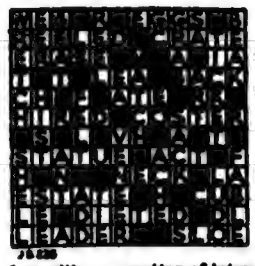
**LIGHTNING RESULTS** All chief winners are notified only eight days after closing date.

HOLIDAY Crosswords have ended, but only to be replaced by a largely increased offer—a wonderful new 3-in-1 Prize of a kind never seen in any competition before.

If you win the First Prize outright this week, you will receive an increased Life Pension of 25s., a cash payment which has swollen to £250, a yearly cheque for £25, commencing on your next Birthday, and a magnificent All-mains or Battery "Pye" 27-Guinea Radio Gramophone. Remember that four of our recent big 3-in-1 Holiday Prizes were won outright, so there is no reason why you should not soon be enjoying the benefits of this new award.

Remember—your entry MUST be in by noon, Thursday, August 31!

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 25/- a week, a Birthday Cheque yearly of £25 and £250 cash (or a lump sum of £600 cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those Competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 7, 1933, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 14, 1933.

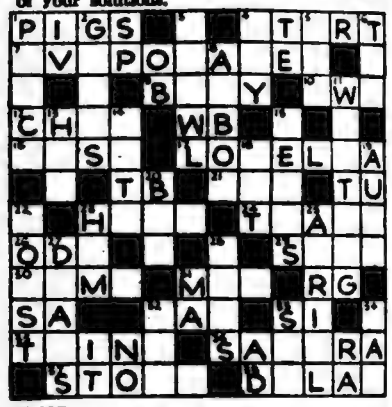


JB 225

**Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 225.**

Winners in 224 on page 14. Result of 225 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 225 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

**KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW** These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



JB 227



JB 227

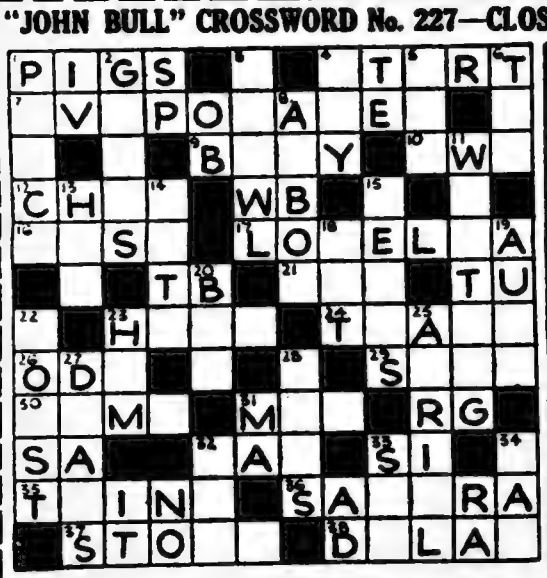


JB 227



JB 227

## "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 227—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUG. 31, 1933.



JB 227

JB 227

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value..... No..... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See R. le 5.

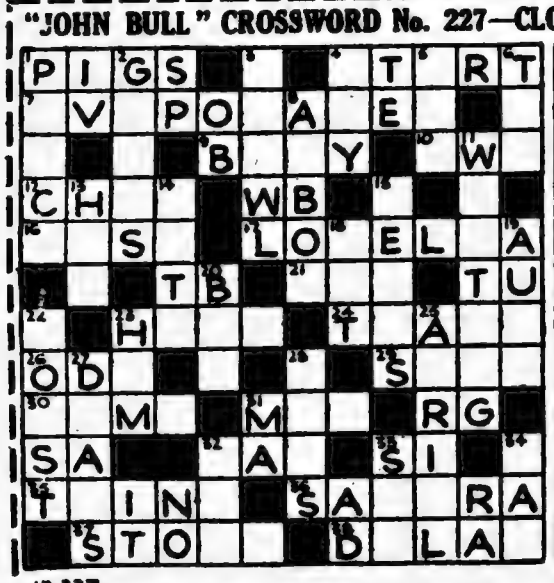
**ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.**

SIGNED.....

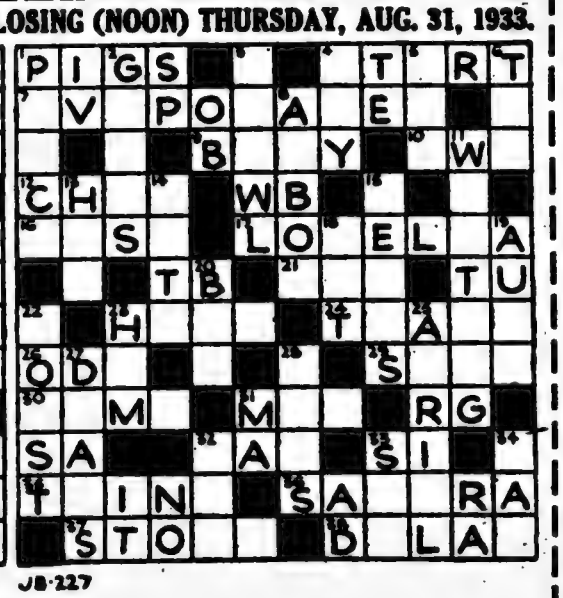
ADDRESS.....

.....

## "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 227—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUG. 31, 1933.



JB 227



JB 227

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value..... No..... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

**ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-**

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

*If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.*

**NO CLAIMS REQUIRED**

### CLUES ACROSS

1. Provide us with bacon
4. Commence
7. Dried up
9. Young child
10. Possess
12. Chief cook
16. Freedom from work
17. Small blue flower
21. Afternoon meal
23. It makes bowler warm
24. Engine and carriages
26. Poem
29. Despatched
30. Relied upon during war
31. War leaves its mark upon
32. Possesses
35. Thin string
36. Famous desert in Egypt
37. Is often the cause of a rainy day
38. It makes trains late

### CLUES DOWN

1. Won't be saved unless we're careful
2. Make holiday cruise more exciting
3. Often used in the sea
4. Pig house
5. Fuss
6. You try to bring some back from holiday
8. Is in charge of an abbey
11. Common for course in restaurant
13. Is dried to provide food
14. A gala
15. Ripe ones are regarded as the best
18. Make a wager
19. Uncle's wife
20. Drunkard commonly goes to
22. You often do this when going downhill
23. Border of a garment
25. Wireless waves are picked up by this
27. Dentist does to bad teeth
28. Fate may bring you to a pretty one
32. Belonging to a woman
33. Must be obeyed, henpeck finds
34. To be in gangsters', makes living uncertain

### READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. / ; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, August 31, 1933.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, Sept. 14, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, September 26, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £600 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

**ENTRY FEE**

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING See Rule 1.

**Address Entry**

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 227, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2 (Comp.).

**NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE**

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

# The Editor Laughs LAST

JOAN S. (Brecon).—"I shall toddle into your office one day." O.K., baby.

MUSICIAN (Ealing). —"Women like brass bands." But not as wedding-rings.

W. T. (Chelsea).—"Is it wrong to keep a high-spirited girl at home each evening?" No; merely impossible.

F. R. (Stepney).—"What takes so many people to the French Riviera just now?" The Blue Train.

W. S. (Ongar).—"Why is our language called the mother tongue?" Perhaps it is because father can't get a word in.

BACHELOR (Matlock).—"I never know exactly what to say when shown a new baby." Just say it's like its dad.

A. B. (Portsmouth).—"So I bought a couple of bottles of whisky." Had a fortune left you?

L. W. (New Barnet).—"People who kiss each other on the lips should be punished." They are. Many of them receive a life sentence.

M. M. (Southampton).—"I'm going to make my cook sit up and take notice." She'll probably sit down and take no notice.

G. F. (Winslow).—"A woman can't possibly expect a man to do gardening after a hard day at the office." Oh, can't she?

FRITZ (Soho).—"The Hitlerites have stamped out the Boy Scouts and the Salvation Army." The great menace now seems to be the Sewing Circles.

CHEERY (Kimbolton).—"It is not always the cook who spoils a man's breakfast." Very often it's the postman.

H. T. (Bude).—"Although a huge fellow, I told him he could go and hang himself." Then you did likewise with the receiver.

G. D. (Folkestone).—"Women are the salt of the earth." That is very gallant of you—unless you mean that they drive men to drink.

N. B. (Worthing).—"Women are taking more and more to bowls." You are, of course, alluding to the outdoor variety.

A. N. V. (Tiverton).—"Our maid would not stay because a cat was brought into the house." Most maids would welcome a cat to share the blame for broken dishes.

D B. (Hull).—"Children seem to grow up very quickly these days." Yes; it seems as if you no sooner get through sitting up with them than you're sitting up for them.

C. G. (London).—"I have dark brown eyes, dark horn glasses, and a fairy-like flat near Park Lane." If you are not careful you will be getting into the gossip columns.

POET (Acton).—"If I am able to go to Brighton next week I shall not have time to send you any more poetry." We are forwarding your fare.

F. O. K. (Newport).—"I spend a lot of my time stuffing birds." Are you a chef or a taxidermist, or just a teller of fairy stories to flappers?

CAREFUL (Anerley).—"People should consult their doctors before deciding where to spend a holiday." But it is not everyone who can afford both a doctor and a holiday.

G. N. (Aldershot). —"Golf is now played in the Army." Nervous recruits have been known to cower in the rough for hours on catching sight of a badly-bunkered sergeant-major.

D. O. W. (Netherend).—"I have just come here to live after spending fifty years of my life in Llansantffraid-Glyn-Ceirog. That is a long spell, isn't it?" Are you referring to the period of your residence or the name of the place?

*Charlie (E.11).—"My fiancee's father threw me down the stairs. Can you imagine anything worse than that?" Yes; her father might have been a lighthouse-keeper.*

R. B. (Swindon).—"Where do you find mangoes?" Wherever woman goes.

J. F. H. (Pett's Wood).—"I have joined a small debating society." Do you mean you've got married?

B. D. (York).—"I always speak of a thing as I find it." Most people just put it quietly into their pocket.

PLAYWRIGHT (Hyde Park).—"I've increased my life insurance by 50 per cent." When is your new play being produced?

WORRIED (Brentford).—"I found my wife in tears because her slimming exercises had proved unsuccessful." Reduced, but only to tears

A. R. (Leeds).—"Her old gink of a father threatened to throw me out, but eventually saw my worth and consented to our marriage." See letter below.

PATER (Leeds). —"Thank goodness, that's another daughter off my hands. I thought her sap-headed young man was never coming up to the scratch." See letter above.

T. L. (Croydon).—"I am under the Government." Who isn't?

C. G. (Newcastle).—"What are the signs of the times?" Footballers' contracts.

MISS K. (Swansea).—"The dance band was dreadful." Didn't it keep time with you?

L. W. (Redditch).—"Time is a remedy for everything." Our penal system is based on that assumption.

MISS M. (Deal).—"I have a photograph of my fiancé hanging on the wall." An odd position for him to be taken in.

F. E. (Clacton).—"If there's one thing about a deck-chair that people don't like ——" It's the ticket man.

N. W. (Bradford).—"Many shop assistants have a habit of putting on airs." Especially those in gramophone shops.

W. H. (Luton).—"Some men wake up and find themselves famous." Most only wake up and find themselves late.

NATURALIST (Bath).—"Birds often go away for a holiday." We've noticed quite a lot of them sitting on trunks.

TOM (Ayr).—"My wife has the daintiest foot I have ever seen." What is it like when she puts it down?

C. H. S. (Taunton).—"Marriage should mean the end of a man's troubles." Which end?

S. S. (Bromley).—"Do you wear a stiff collar in hot weather?" Well, we do when we leave home.

VEGETARIAN (Glasgow). —"We vegetarians never grow old." All your days are, of course, salad days.

NATURALIST (Harrow).—"Why do swallows fly south every year?" Possibly because it is too far to walk.

P. G. (Handsworth).—"Money means trouble." And it's the only kind of trouble difficult to borrow.

RONNIE, F. (Euston).—"A Lancashire baker recently made a cake weighing nearly three hundredweight." You don't expect us to swallow that, surely?

MANUFACTURER (Leicester).—"My whole staff is working on dancing shoes in readiness for the winter." All hands to the pumps.

E. A. C. (Kettering).—"My little lad of 3 can count up to 10 already." Then, as you're 30, you ought to be able to count up to 100. Try it on the big Holiday prizes on page 35.

S. W. (Nuthurst).—"I have been thrice married and have written a book on my matrimonial experiences in three parts, each part dealing with one of my husbands." Chap 1, Chap 2, Chap 3.

R. T. (Chelsea).—"The public does not realise how poor some artists are—many of them have to share the same models." You would certainly never guess they were the same from their pictures.

C. H. (Gillingham).—"She says she's crazy to marry me." Well, so long as she realises the fact.

M. T. (Kent).—"When I lost my hat I falsely accused someone of taking it." Lost your head, too.

M. D. S. (Hull).—"On a saxophone a quick tune is much pleasanter to the ear than a slow one." Well, it's over sooner, anyway.

J. L. (Westminster).—"Politicians are always looking ahead." One example of this is the M.P. who had his photograph printed cabinet size.

AUTHOR (Hayes).—"I was always at the top of my form in English when I was at school." You were at the bottom when you wrote your story.

R. H. (Bicester).—"I met a farmer recently who told me that he had never seen such glorious weather." And you believed he was a farmer!

*(Many replies unavoidably held over)*

ERNIE:
*by*
*Jane Noël*
*and*
*R. J. Bailey*

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.


NO WOMAN LOVES A WEAKLING

AT first she pities him, then she despises him, and in the end she leaves him. Do women avoid you in society or prefer not to dance with you? Have you ever waited in vain at an appointment? Do you realise what such things mean? They mean that women feel instinctively that you are not the kind of man they would like to marry. But it is not necessary for you to remain a weakling, ailing and nervous, without pluck and cheerfulness. It is within your power to change all this.

You can attain imposing, manly Strength and Will Power. You can become a real, strong man and enjoy every hour of your life.

STRONGFORTISM
The Modern Science of Health and Strength Promotion

will endow your body so that everyone will esteem and admire you, in business and society. In all sports you can be among the winners. Strongfortism has enabled thousands of weaklings to become energetic and interesting personalities. It will also remove your troubles.

STRONGFORT'S FREE 64-page BOOK, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy," will reveal to you the health and strength-building secrets of the Human Body. You will learn how to build up your body, develop your nerve and will power, your individual talents and capabilities. It will show you the way to Energy, Vitality and Success.

WRITE FOR THIS FREE BOOK TO-DAY.
Strongfort Institute, Dept. 230, London, S.W.16.

Strongfort Institute, Dept. 230, London, S.W.16.
Please send, without obligation, my free copy of "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength, and Mental Energy." I enclose 3d. stamps for postage. I have put (X) before subject(s) about which I would like free special confidential advice.

| | |
|---|---|
| .....Energy & Strength | .....Rheumatism |
| .....Catarrh & Colds | .....Constipation |
| .....General Debility | .....Nervousness |
| .....Increased Height | .....Indigestion |
| .....Skin Disorders | .....Short Wind |
| .....Despondency | .....Thinness |

Other Ailments .....

Name .....

Occupation..... Age.....

Street .....

Town..... County.....

A STING A BURN A BOIL A BRUISE
Quick! where's the Oxydoin?

No home should be without Oxydoin for those accidents that will happen. This wonderful ointment not only soothes away the pain in Insect Bites, but prevents the danger of infection. Boils, Bruises, Bunions, Burns, Cracked Skin, Eczema, Neuritis, Piles and Rheumatism yield to its pain-killing properties—because it contains OXYGEN (Nature's greatest Healer) in nascent form. Oxydoin is sold in tins and stick form at 1/3 and 2/-, from all chemists or direct (postage 3d. extra) from the makers. Get some Oxydoin to-day and keep it handy for emergencies.

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6/8, Cole Street, Bore', S.E.1.

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SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME

PILES!

Man Zan stops the irritation, soothes and heals internal, external blind or bleeding piles. A large tube, with special nozzle applicator, which makes this wonderful preparation easy to apply, costs but 3/-. Your chemist will tell you how good it is. Don't suffer in silence longer. Ask him about

Man Zan
Brand PILE REMEDY

*To end constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.*

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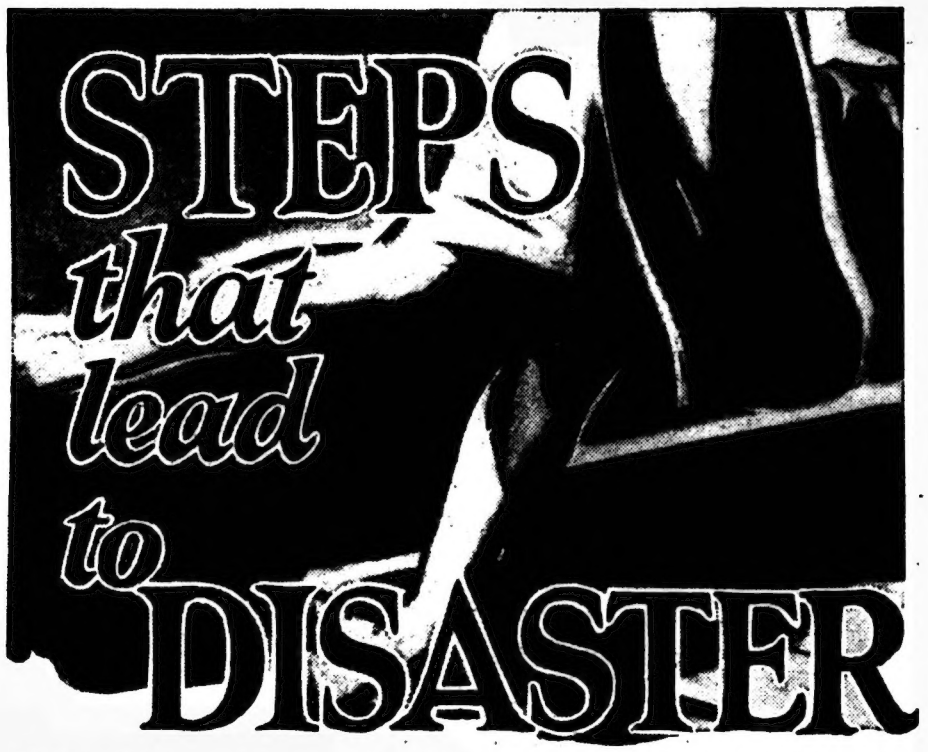
FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.
Graves "FLIGHT" Model has Dunlop Tyres, Dunlop Saddle, Hans Renold Chain, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, bright parts Chromium Plated, full set of Accessories. Price Complete £3:17:6. No charge for instalment terms. Delivered Carriage Paid for £2 now & 14 monthly payments of £2. Lady's or Gent's same price. Write for CATALOGUE Gent's, Ladies' & Juvenile Cycles
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.




THE sharp tinkle of a door bell in a quiet suburban house . . . a busy housewife hurrying to answer. . . . Who would look for sudden disaster when on such a simple errand? But there were steps leading from scullery to hall, and Mrs. L. A. Porter, of 5, Grove Terrace, Sunderland, slipped and fractured her arm.

To her, JOHN BULL has speedily despatched an ever-ready cheque—plus the 10 per cent. bonus added to benefits paid when a reader has been registered for three months or more.

JOHN BULL pays up to £200 for Home Accidents. Hundreds of cheques are paid each week in respect of Accidents, Sickness, Fire, Storm, Flood and Burglary.

Are you and your family safeguarded against the ever-menacing hand of fate, by JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance? Remember, a substantial cheque in times of stress may save much needless suffering and anxiety. Why not take the steps now that lead to protection and happiness? Use the Registration Forms below to-day.

## HOLIDAY CONCESSION

Registered readers of JOHN BULL continue to be covered by the greatest of all Free Family Insurance, while on holiday in Great Britain, Ireland and the Channel Islands or the Isle of Man, for a period of fourteen days. The only condition is that in the event of a claim arising, they will be required to show that they purchased JOHN BULL while on holiday, and that before leaving home they left instructions with their regular newsagent to restart delivery immediately on their return.

**JOHN BULL—The only paper to provide Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness Benefits.**

CUT HERE

**JOHN BULL**

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

**PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B. 26/8/33.

CUT HERE

***Post* this Coupon to**

**"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address..... of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B. 26/8/33.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER!
JOHN BULL PEN COUPON VALUE 3D
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2
Cash the Coupons
26 SEP 33

*Our "Human Machine" inspired him—not these printing machines*

# PRINTER Sets Himself Up!

ONE recent Friday afternoon a woman hurried into the printing department of the great Nottingham factory of Boots, the famous chemists. She was the mother of young Mr. David Green, who works there—and she wanted to see him quickly.

Up went the message and along came her son, wondering what could be wrong. Everything, indeed, was right.

"Good news, David," she said, delightedly thrusting a telegram into his hands. "It's from JOHN BULL!"

No more thrilling moment than that has ever been known by twenty-three-year-old Mr. Green, whose nightly tussles with *Bullets* in his home at 37, Watcombe Circus, Carrington, Nottingham, have at last brought his name to the top of our prize-list—with a reward of £1,000 cash, plus a £10 Holiday Cheque every August for life.

Since things have not always looked rosy for young David, he is well able to appreciate the difference this success is going to make. "I found it hard to get regular work after serving my apprenticeship," he told a JOHN BULL man, "and I've only been at my present post for six months.

"When I was out of work," the winner went on to recall, "I set myself to put in a regular spell each day on *Bullets*. I started two years ago, and could do nothing right for six months.

"Then," he continued, "I woke up to the fact that I was trying to be too clever! Soon after that I won a 'Target' prize, and with it was a complimentary copy of *Bullets Bulletin*.

"I ordered a regular supply, and now I wouldn't be without my weekly copy for anything!"

With the guidance of *Bullets Bulletin* Mr. Green secured several more "Target" awards. Then a 10s. prize and two Christmas Cakes showed that the standard of his *Bullets* was improving still further, until in the end it led to his First Prize effort, HOPELESS—THINGS SEEM? THINK! SCHEME!

"Have you any advice to offer to other competitors?" Mr. Green was asked.

He laughed and produced a recent copy of JOHN BULL, pointing to a paragraph in our *Human Machine* feature. "This sums it up pretty well," he said.

Let us recall that paragraph, for it is a message every would-be winner should take to heart—"*I'm beaten* never achieved anything," it ran; "*I'm damned if I'll be beaten* has wrought every miracle the world has ever seen."

Remember those words when you tackle the interesting *Examples* opposite and one of this week's last 100 big Holiday Prizes may well be your reward.

* * *

Our non-stop variety in big *Bullets* prize-lists, however, does not conclude its run with this week's fine offer.

In these pages next week you will find one of the finest prizes for a *Bullet* seen this year—a £2 Weekly Life Pension, a £1,000 fortune, a £50 Yearly Birthday Cheque, and a 50-Guinea Millionaire's Radio Gramophone.

As well as other substantial cheques, the 50 winners of £5, £2 10s. or £1 are to enjoy the unique privilege of entering two *Bullets* weekly for life without payment.

Get into your stride in this week's contest and so ensure a flying start towards next week's giant awards!

# THIS £20,000 LIST WILL HELP YOU WIN!

TO study winning *Bullets* carefully is to take the shortest cut to a big success. But since the *Bullets* winning the chief prizes in Competition No. 904 are not due on this page until next week we recall below for your assistance a number of First Prize efforts for which over £20,000 has been won.

When you have absorbed the good points of these First Prize-winners, settle down with this week's *Examples* to make up a *Bullet* worthy of one of this week's bumper prizes.

HOPELESS—
THINGS SEEM? THINK! SCHEME!
ROUND THE WORLD—
"BENDING"—WORLD ROUNDING BEND.
BY THE STREAM—
"MILLSTONE" FLOATS GENTLY AWAY.
A HIGHWAYMAN—
PESSIMISM—HOLD *Yourself* UP!
THE PLODDER—
GAVE SON "FLYING" START.
ALL WE DO—
ABOUT MESS, MESS ABOUT!
MOTHER'S JOY—
WATCHING HER "*Manikin* PARADE."
WASTED LIFE—
NEEDN'T BE—BE NEEDED!
SHE GLANCED ROUND AND—
SHE'S "ENCOURAGING ME" STILL.
IN LOVERS' LANE—
"PITFALLS" MOONLIGHT NIGHTS *Conceal.*
CURIOUS COINCIDENCE—
UNLUCKY WORLD—FEWER HORSESHOES.
BACHELOR PRINCE—
"SPORT" EVE *Hasn't* "CONQUERED."
TO BRIGHTEN BRITAIN—
HELP—IT'S "YOUR PLACE."
AVERAGE MAN—
BETTER FOR "FOR BETTER—"
TO CONQUER THE WORLD—
SONNY'S AMBITION—GARDEN, FATHER'S.

## FREE "BULLETS" AMMUNITION

"MY great helpmate has been my weekly *Bulletin*," says Mr. J. McLaughlin, 394, Main Street, Camelon, Falkirk, an unemployed grocer's assistant, who won the Fourth Prize of £15 in *Bullets* No. 903.

"Without the invaluable hints of the weekly talks in *Bullets Bulletin*," he states, "my efforts had lacked punch."

Mr. D. Green, Jnr., whose First Prize triumph is recorded above, also won success by gradual stages. Both of these winners lay stress on the fact that without *Bullets Bulletin* they would never have left the ranks of the also-rans.

Double the force of your attacks on our giant Autumn prize-lists by enlisting the aid of *Bullets Bulletin*. Packed with marching orders straight from *Bullets* Headquarters, this powerful aid to victory will reach you every Thursday at the mere cost of its ½d. postage. Post off to-night the Reservation Coupon on opposite page.

# DON'T MISS THE 'BULLETS' HOLIDAY TRAIN!

INCREASED NEW MORE-TO-COME FIRST PRIZE

**£600 PLUS £50**

EXTRA WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST— ON DEC. 23. 1933

| | |
|---|---|
| £50 | £25 |
| £15 | £10 |
| 5 OF £6 | 5 OF £5 |
| 5 OF £4 | 5 OF £3 |
| 75 OF 30/- | |

**100 HOLIDAY BONUSES OF £2·10s EACH**

• • ONE FOR EVERY WINNER OF 30/- OR OVER THIS WEEK.

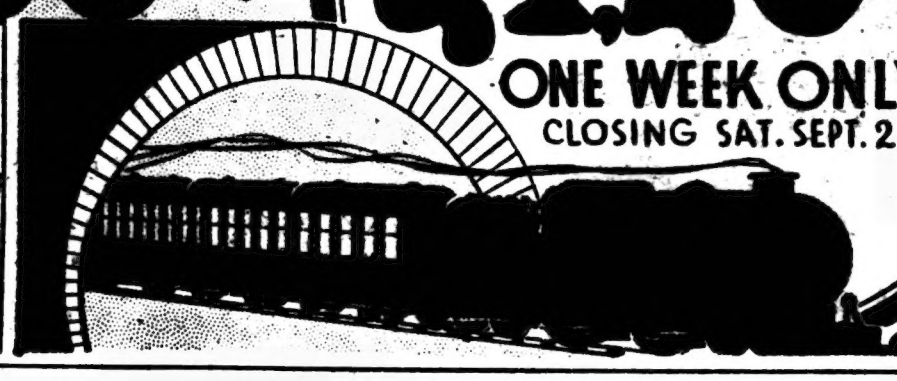
LAST HUGE HOLIDAY OFFER

PRIZES VALUE OVER

**£1,200**

ONE WEEK ONLY

CLOSING SAT. SEPT. 2.



500 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 RED SEAL TARGETS

6,000 TARGET PRIZES

# *Final 100 Big 2-in-1 "Bullets" Holiday Prizes!*

A FEW more days and JOHN BULL's great August Holiday Campaign will be ended. You must be quick if you want to share in this last enormous distribution of 100 Holiday Cheques and substantial Bonuses.

Towering at the head of this last great August prize-list is an increased "More-to-Come" First—an immediate £600, plus a further £50 to follow at Christmas to give you the happiest holiday of your life.

Following it come 99 other substantial rewards for good *Bullets*—and with each of these payments JOHN BULL will be sending an extra Holiday Bonus of £2 10s.

A few well-chosen words on one of the coupons below and you may soon have the tremendous thrill of opening one of these magic prize envelopes.

Get your entry in to Long Acre by Saturday, September 2, and a place in the last "Holiday Hundred" may be yours!

## HOW TO WIN

ALL that is required of the winner of JOHN BULL's huge final "More-to-Come" First Prize is a little clear and careful thinking, resulting in a *Bullet* which conveys its meaning with telling effect.

Make a start now by reading through the *Examples* here and noting down some rough comments on those which specially appeal to you. Now, since a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words closely fitted to an *Example*, you must compress your ideas into these limits, taking care to find pithy and unusual phrasing with which to express your meaning.

Suppose, for instance, you select the *Example* MAN OF VISION. Your first rough comment might well be *Ramsay MacDonald—Or Just Blind?* This you could readily improve and condense so that you speedily arrive at the finished *Bullet*, MAN OF VISION—RAMSAY—OR BLIND VISIONARY?

### USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

GROP OF TROUBLE
RISING PRICES
OUR NEXT MOVE
ABOVE THE CLOUDS
WHEN IT'S DONE
MAN OF VISION
IN GREAT DEMAND
KING OF THE ROBBERS
HOLLOW FRAUD
IF SHE HAD A MILLION
WE TWO
HAND IN HAND
ON THEIR OWN
FONDLY
UP TO NO GOOD
HE THOUGHT AGAIN AND
SOMETHING WRONG
OUR LANDLADY
IN A BLUE FUNK
GIVING UP
A FAILURE
"COME INSIDE!"
WHEN THE DREAMER AWOKE
BLUFF
WITH A MIGHTY KICK
LAWYER'S WIFE
MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME
WEALTH
GATHERED IN
HEARD IN THE PLAYGROUND
SUFFERING
EASIER SAID THAN DONE
HE'S ENGAGED, SO
LOOKING WELL
ALL WE HAVE
NOT NEEDED

### HELP FOR YOU FREE!

If you want to make better *Bullets*, to learn from the experience of past winners and to read a weekly article by *John Bull's* Competition Editor, accept this free offer.

Let "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* be your guide to success. It can be yours every Thursday for the mere halfpenny postage, together with *John Bull's* helpful *Crossword Gazette* and *Passing Show's* cheery *Complete Courier*.

### POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co." payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(*Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.*)

### READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 907 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 903 will be displayed in the window of Mr. A. Warsop, 66, Leecce Road, Carrington, Nottingham.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(907) Closing SAT., Sept. 2 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR Words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(907) Closing SAT., Sept. 2 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Signed _____ Address _____

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(907) Closing SAT., Sept. 2 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(907) Closing SAT., Sept. 2 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. — Signed _____ Address _____

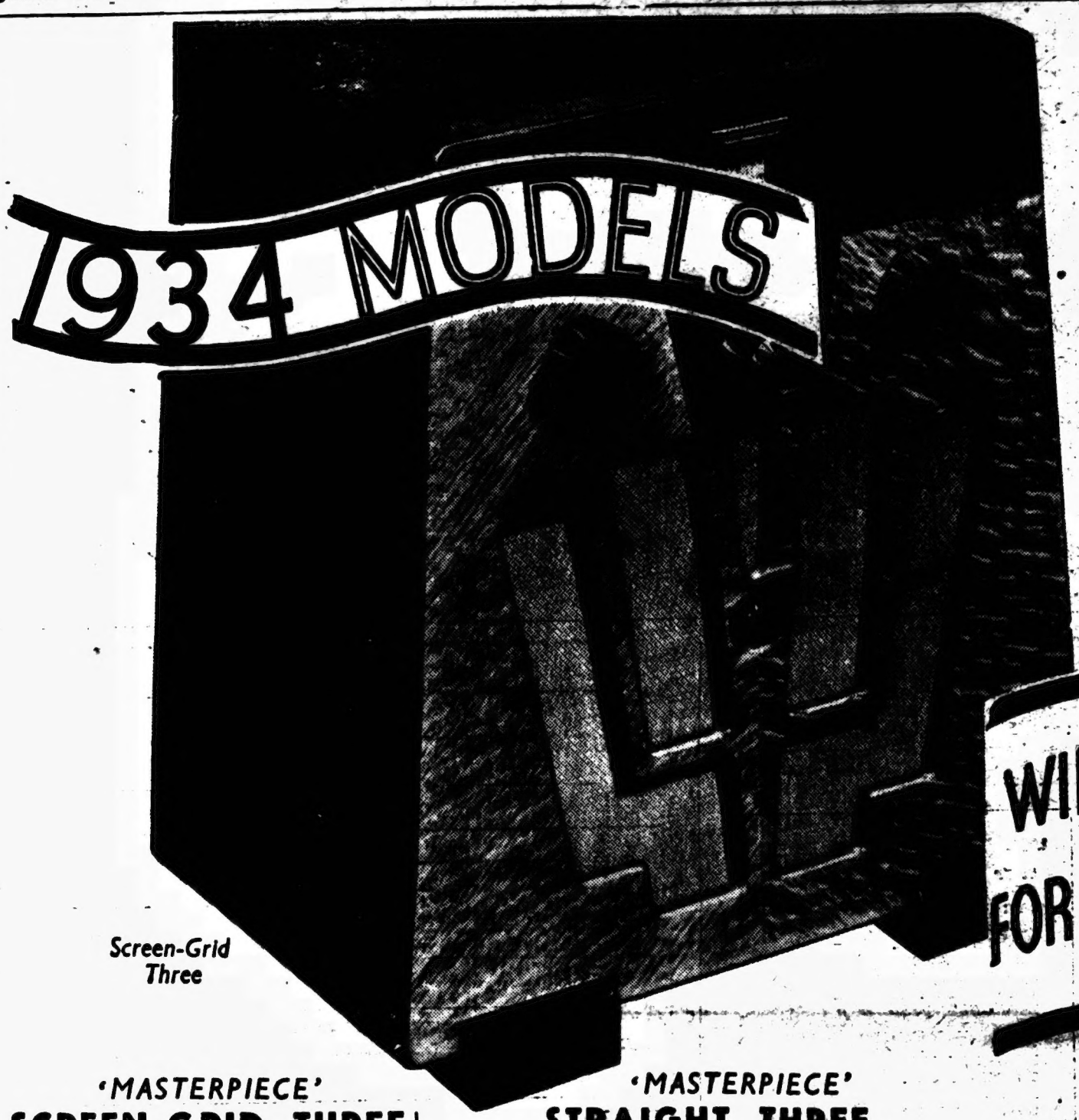
If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 907, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

COMING NEXT WEEK

**STAGGERING 4-IN-1 PRIZE**

AND FIFTY NOVEL CASH SURPRISES




Screen-Grid Three

# WIRELESS SETS FOR B·D·V COUPONS

## 'MASTERPIECE' SCREEN-GRID THREE
### (Valves S.G.—Det.—Power)

THIS EFFICIENT battery-operated receiver employs a combination of valves which provide for excellent performance under all normal conditions of reception. The fact that it utilises a screened-grid H.F. valve ensures a high degree of sensitivity and selectivity, and gives a wide range of European stations free from interference. Tuning is by single-knob control, with a "trimmer" for fine adjustments, and a reaction control. All normal long and medium wavelengths can be obtained. The change-over switch is incorporated with the on-and-off switch. An additional aerial terminal is provided. Loudspeaker is of adjustable cone type, and gives really good reproduction of all instrumental and vocal items; considerable range of adjustment is provided. The cabinet is a fine specimen of modern design, soundly constructed in oak with macassar ebony inlay. Ample space is provided for H.T. and L.T. batteries. The manufacturers are a famous British firm.

Complete with (B.V.M.A.) valves. **750 COUPONS**

## 'MASTERPIECE' STRAIGHT THREE
### (Valves Det.—2 L.F.)

THIS RECEIVER employs a detector followed by two transformer-coupled low-frequency amplifying stages utilising a small power valve in the output stage. It is capable of giving good reception from the local, and a good selection of other broadcasting stations when used with an efficient outdoor aerial. It covers the normal long and medium wave ranges.

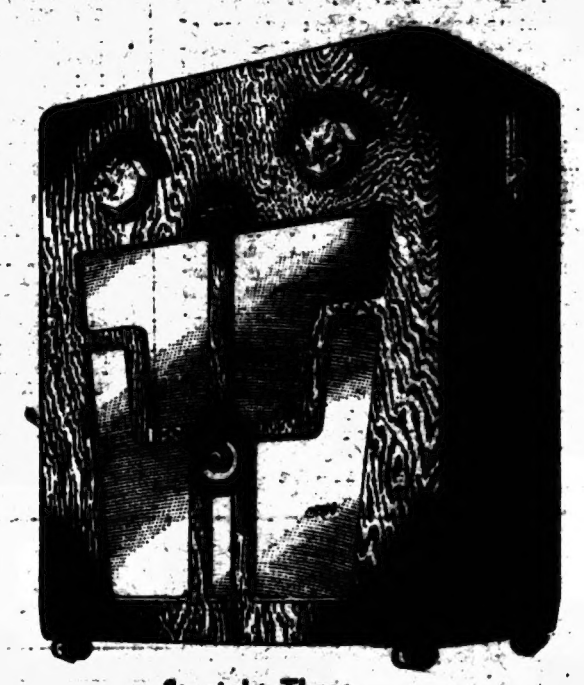
Three alternative aerial sockets are provided, allowing for different degrees of selectivity in order to eliminate or reduce interference between stations which may be experienced in certain localities.

Operation of the receiver is quite simple, and good results can be obtained without previous experience. There are only two variable controls, viz.: Aerial Tuning and Reaction. An on-and-off switch is provided.

An efficient adjustable cone type speaker gives very pleasing reproduction.

The oak cabinet is modern in design, with a beautiful silky finish, and has ample space for batteries.

Complete with (B.V.M.A.) valves. **600 COUPONS**



Straight Three

*These sets are available until February 28th, 1934*

B·D·V CIGARETTES 10 FOR 6d 20 FOR 11½d

## FREE VOUCHER FOR 25 COUPONS

*This voucher is available until December 25th, 1933*

These sets will be available at the beginning of September. If you fill in this free voucher for 25 coupons, and send it together with 25 coupons, we shall reserve you a set, which will be held for you until we receive the balance—700 coupons (for the S.G.3) or 550 coupons (for the Straight 3).

*Cross out set not required.* M.M.25. 26/8/33

*NAME* .....

*ADDRESS* .....

.....

GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD., 39, COMMERCIAL STREET, E.1

66 B.19 Shakspere

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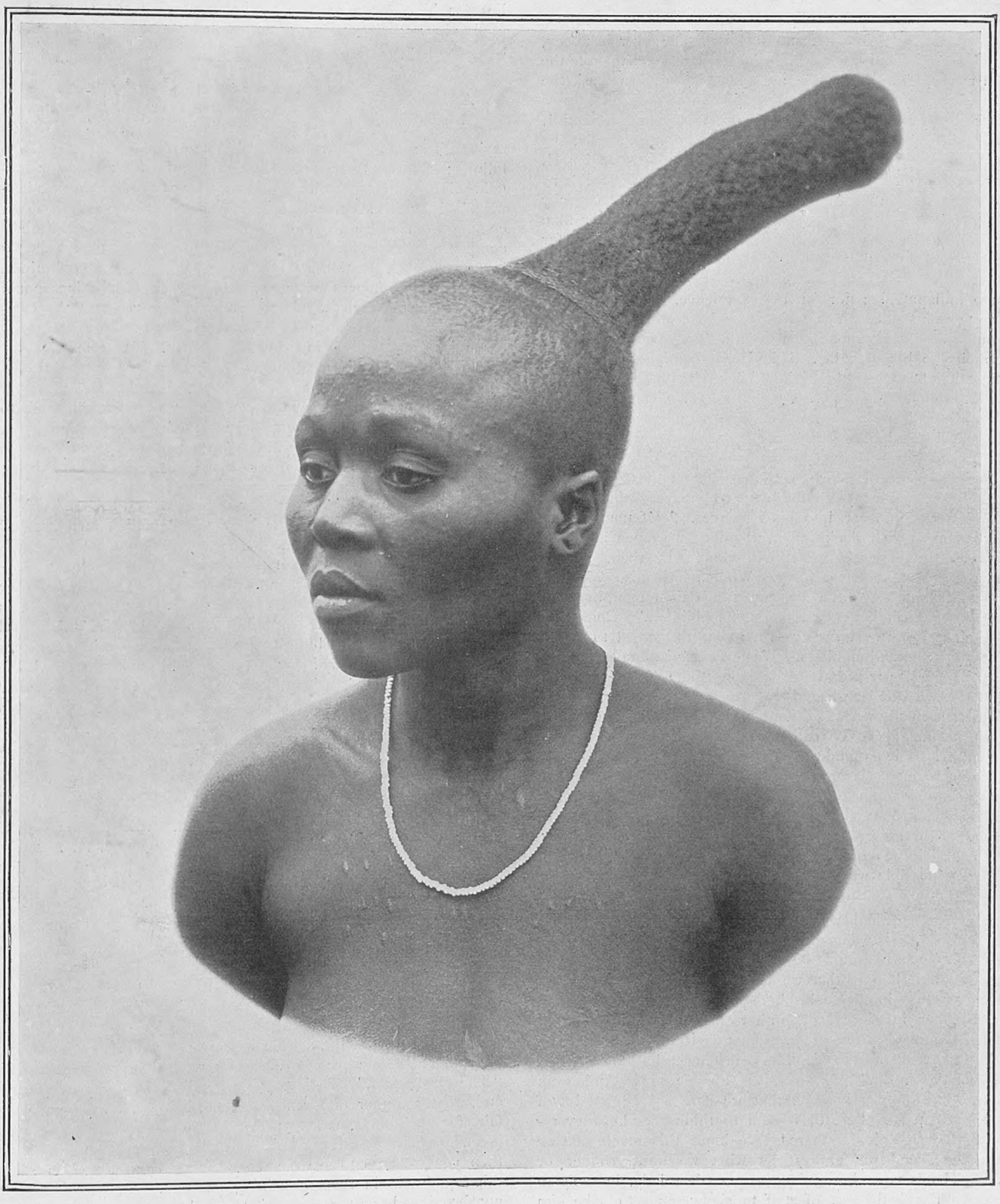
# The Sketch

No. 872.—Vol. LXVIII. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1909. SIXPENCE.

THE CHIRGWIN CHIGNON: A KAFFIR COIFFURE.